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PRESIDENT HOOVER'S reply to the request for a moratorium on the war-debt payments due on December 15th is probably as satisfactory as we could have expected. The ultimate decision (on the interest part of the payment at least) rests with Congress—and with a Congress which cannot be relied upon to show more willingness to favour modification of the debt payments than the old Congress which rebuked Mr. Hoover for his former moratorium. Mr. Hoover's note therefore reiterates the obligation to pay and the impossibility of demanding sacrifices from the people of the United States. But Mr. Hoover does appreciate the great dangers of the attempt to transfer so large a sum of money (the British payment due now amounts, owing to the depreciation of the pound, to £28,000,000 sterling) and he suggests that America might be willing to accept foreign currency and that the actual transfers of the money might be made in instalments. He offers to submit any alleviating proposals of this kind to Congress and adds that it would be "unthinkable" for America to refuse to consider the request for further discussion of the issues involved.

* * *

There are other encouraging factors in Mr. Hoover's reply. He reiterates that there are "other forms of tangible compensation than cash, such as expansions of markets for the products of United States agriculture and labour" which "might be developed on study," and he recommends the creation of a debt commission to consider the whole question of means of payment. He suggests that its membership should be the same as the United States delegation to the World Economic Conference and the Disarmament Conference and rightly stresses the connection between disarmament and debts. The real issue that remains is whether this country is actually to make the payments due on December 15th before discussion begins. The results of doing so, would, as our City Editor explains in some detail to-day, be extremely serious not only for us but for America and the whole world, and a number of passages in Mr. Hoover's message, including his invitation to us to send a further note, suggest that he may be no less conscious of these dangers than we are ourselves. We believe that the door is still open in regard to the December 15th payments, and that there is considerable hope that Mr. Hoover's statement is the beginning of a sane settlement of the whole of this intolerable debt problem which has been so long bedevilling international relations and strangling world trade.

* * *

The German Cabinet crisis has dragged wearily on, and it may be some days before a way out is found. The attempt to form a majority Government with Herr Hitler at its head has been given up as a bad job; the Nazi leader cannot command a majority, and he never really supposed that in all the circumstances he could. His prestige is not what it was, and the

Nazi movement is suffering from internal dissensions and disillusionment. Hitler himself now appears to have executed a *volte face*, and to favour a "presidial" Government—a Cabinet, that is, which, like Papen's, shall govern independently of the Reichstag. But the difficulty about this is that President von Hindenburg will not have a party leader as Chancellor in such a Government (Herr von Papen, it will be remembered, resigned his party affiliations when he took office). If this difficulty could be got over, the Nazis might possibly achieve their aim of bringing the Nationalists and the Stahlhelm into an alliance, and so obtaining a parliamentary majority. But it is also possible that there will be a reconstruction of the "presidial" Government without the Nazi leader and without Herr von Papen, whose stock has fallen abysmally. Whatever may be the solution, it will evidently not do much to remedy the present discontents.

* * *

The disarmament proposals put forward by Sir John Simon at Geneva indicate that the mind of the British Government has at last begun to move. The statement regarding German equality has given general satisfaction, and it is hoped that, as the result of the debate in the Bureau and of the private discussions which are proceeding as we write, Germany will presently return to the Conference. But even if she does it will not be all plain sailing, for the Germans, having won equality in principle, are likely to want more of it in practice. Sir John's naval proposals show how big is the gulf between the two. Germany, he suggests, should have one 28,000-ton battleship, and this only on condition that her total naval strength is not more than one-tenth of the British total. She is allowed no cruisers over 6,000 tons or with guns of more than 6in. calibre, and no destroyers over 800 tons or carrying more than 4in. guns. As regards submarines, we should achieve equality by their total abolition. That is obvious; but it is also pretty obvious that submarines are not going to be totally abolished—other nations will see to that. We do not suggest, and nobody suggests, that Germany should be encouraged to build as big a navy as ours. But we do regret that Sir John Simon does not propose to make ours smaller (except by the elimination of submarines, which, as we have said, is a pious aspiration).

* * *

In the matter of land armaments he has made a definite advance as regards both guns and tanks. His air proposals, though they made a brave show in the newspaper headlines last week, are rather disappointing when scrutinised. Continental critics have naturally fastened on the claim that France should reduce her strength to our level before we begin the all-round 33⅓ per cent. cut. The French know that in power, range and speed, our machines are better than theirs, and that parity of numbers would give us a substantial superiority. And they argue that it is they who need the superiority, for we have only one "air front," whilst they have three—Great Britain, Germany and Italy. Nor did Sir John Simon appear to be much interested in the question of the internationalisation, or international control, of civil aircraft. In that, no doubt, he reflects public opinion in this country. But this attitude of apathy or hostility will not do. The matter is one of profound importance, if anything effective is to be done towards the abolition or limitation of aerial warfare. International control of civil aviation is not, as some people seem to suppose, a device for checking the development of flying and especially of British flying.

* * *

The Round Table Conference has started upon some comparatively non-controversial subjects. Technical questions about the franchise have little reality until it is clear whether the new constitution is likely to be workable, and whether it includes a sufficient transfer of responsibility to permit the educated Indian taking it seriously. The real crux of the Conference will be the financial safeguards and the emergency powers of the Viceroy and the Provincial Governors. If these can be dealt with satisfactorily the general position is not entirely hopeless. The opposition to Federation amongst the Princes is now reduced to one large and a few very small States. The communal award will be accepted if the present negotiations do not lead to modification by agreement. Even amongst the Congress supporters there are many who would welcome a settlement so long as it gave India control of its exchequer, and laid down definite dates on which the various changes in the government will occur. The future of India lies in the hands of a few British officials and advisers, many of whom have never been East of Suez, who seem determined to weight the new Government of India Bill with every kind of reservation which the legal draftsman can devise. The final struggle will probably take place over the control of the budget and of new loans. An unhappy suggestion has been brought forward that finance should be a "reserved" subject for a certain number of years after the Federation has been brought into existence. This would effectively kill any hope of Indian co-operation.

* * *

From the Prime Minister's contribution to the debate on the address it was quite impossible to gather any enlightenment about the Government's policy in dealing with unemployment. Mr. MacDonald gave it to be understood that he had at last realised—what has really been clear for a number of years—that unemployment is not simply a product of the world slump, but contains a large element of a far more persistent character. About this persistent element something, one gathered, had to be done, and would be done; but what, Mr. MacDonald did not say. He appeared to regard the belated discovery of the obvious as in itself a remarkable contribution to solving the problem. From other sources, however, it had leaked out that what the Government has in mind is some sort of voluntary scheme under the auspices of the National Council of Social Service. This scheme is to be financed from charitable sources aided by Government grants, as in the case of the work already being done by the Society of Friends, and it is to centre round the provision of recreation, training, and to some extent work, primarily for adolescents and adults chronically unemployed. We may also expect to see a development of new land settlement schemes on the lines of those pioneered by

the Friends, and some belated use may even be made of Dr. Addison's Land Utilisation Act. The management of the scheme is to be in the hands of a committee appointed by the Council, and consisting of promising business men, educationists and, it is hoped, of some representatives of Labour. (The General Council of the T.U.C. has, in fact, been invited to co-operate, and is considering the matter.)

* * *

We are far from wishing to belittle the importance of measures of these kinds, designed, as they are, to preserve the bodily and mental fitness or the mechanical skill of unemployed men and women, and also to provide instruction for untrained boys and girls. We have long urged their use and extension. But if this is all that lies behind the fog of Mr. MacDonald's words, we see in it small hope for the main body of the workless. It is unhappily all too clear that this Government is still committed up to the hilt to indiscriminate "economy"; and its "economies" are likely to manufacture unemployment far more quickly than any measures of this order to relieve it.

* * *

The Board of Education has issued a new circular dealing with the issues raised by the already notorious Circular 1421—the document which is designed to prevent the growth of free secondary education. The Board, in reply to the storm of criticism which the circular aroused, denies that there is need for any modification of its terms, on the ground that it is not meant to be applied rigidly, and that ample room is left by it for local modifications designed to meet the special needs of particular areas. In other words, while the more timid or reactionary Local Education Authorities are to be given all possible encouragement to do their worst in applying a "means test" to the secondary schools, the more aggressive and progressive authorities are to be allowed for the time being some degree of elasticity. The Board of Education thus proposes to apply the familiar method of "divide and conquer," well aware that, if its proposals are once accepted in the majority of areas, it will be relatively simple at a later stage to enforce them on the recusants. No one who cares for education is likely to be deceived by this strategy of the "economists"; and it is to be hoped that the campaign against the circular will be maintained at full strength with a view to its complete withdrawal. The objections to it, as Mr. Tawney pointed out in our columns when it first appeared, are of principle and not of detail, and cannot be met by merely local and exceptional modifications such as the Board now says it has in mind.

* * *

The administration of the means test in the County of Durham has now been taken over by a Government Commissioner, who has been transferred from Rotherham, where he supplanted the Public Assistance Committee some two months ago. Hitherto, the areas in which the local authorities have been superseded by Commissioners have been areas under Labour control; but this week the Oldham Public Assistance Committee, which is dominated by anti-Socialist members, has resigned its duties and asked the Government to appoint a Commissioner to take them over. This situation has arisen in rather a curious way. For some time the Labour representatives at Oldham have refused to take any part in the administration of the means test, and have left it to be worked by members of the parties which profess to believe in it. The representatives of these parties have accordingly gained the whole of the kudos—and the unpopularity—resulting from the policy which they support. They do not like this; and accordingly they refuse to carry on, and invite the Government to act in their stead. Very natural, no doubt, but also very significant of the state of local feeling about the means test in the hard-hit industrial centres. The Labour representatives at Oldham have been criticised on the ground that their attitude has made the lot of the unemployed harder still. We wonder; for there are occasions when protest is a far more effective strategy than half-impotent collaboration in a vicious administrative system.

* * *

Last Tuesday two brothers, aged nine and eleven years, were charged at Salford Children's Court with breaking into a warehouse and damaging property. They had committed similar offences before. Their schoolmaster put forward the suggestion that the child guidance clinic in Manchester, specially established for dealing with such "problem children," might be the proper place for them. The Stipendiary Magistrate replied that a "good caning might have the desired effect." Their father then said he had beaten them so much that one of their school teachers threatened to report him to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The magistrate admitted that "the one remedy he thought might prove effective" had been tried and failed. "I do not believe in psychoanalysis and feeling the bumps of lads, and clinics are not the places for these boys." So the boys were sent to an industrial school, and, according to the usual precedents, we may expect not to hear of these naughty boys again until the time comes for them to go to gaol. One could scarcely find a better example of the conflict between the irrational and the rational forces at work in our society; we set up a Children's Court and a guidance clinic, and we leave the power of decision in the hands of a man who is so blind to experience that his one idea of an effective way of dealing with unruly little boys is a "good caning."

* * *

The seizure of immense quantities of Irish Sweep tickets is reported from the ports. The value of the tickets confiscated is alleged to reach six figures. These activities suggest a new "drive" against this all-pervading lottery. Whether it is possible effectively to suppress it, and whether, assuming suppression to be possible, it is worth the effort and money that would need to be expended, are interesting subjects of speculation. In the meantime it would seem that a powerful monkey-wrench has been thrown into the organisation of this next sweep. The possibilities of confiscation on a large scale, and uncertainty as to what tickets are likely to be valid and what are not, must tend to reduce their market value. We have heard it suggested that now is the psychological moment for the Government to promote a sweep of its own. This would be its first really popular action, and it might, incidentally, produce a substantial contribution towards the solution of the American Debt problem.

JAPAN FACES THE LEAGUE

THE League of Nations is engaged this week with the most momentous issue that it has had to face in its thirteen years of life. Its decision on the Manchurian question will make history not only in the Far East, but in every continent. It will affect the relations of the Powers; it will react directly on the problem of disarmament; it will settle whether the League itself is to be written down a sham and force and fraud are to be hailed once more as the armour of Governments and peoples. For the position in which it finds itself to-day the League Council has to thank its own poltroonery. A year ago it could have nipped this Manchurian adventure in the bud. It could have strengthened the hands of the civilian party in Japan against the militarists. It could have prevented the bloodshed and devastation at Shanghai. It could have fortified the waning confidence in the efficacy of peaceful methods in Europe. But it chose to be a rabbit rather than a lion, and the Japanese were left practically a free hand to consolidate their invasion of China. They have made the best use of their opportunity, and they come to Geneva this week resolute in their unrighteous cause.

They have their answer to the Lytton Report. It is biased, they say. Its findings are based on untrustworthy evidence. Lord Lytton and his colleagues did not understand Japan's motives. Japan has not done anything in contravention of the Covenant or of the Kellogg Pact. Manchukuo is not a puppet State; it was the spontaneous creation of the people of Manchuria. Its recognition is the only way in which the legitimate interests of Japan can be protected, and the peace of the Far East maintained; it will even, if the Chinese will take it in the proper spirit, help them to learn how to govern themselves. And that would give great satisfaction to Japan; for Japan, Mr. Matsuoka declares, "desires deeply and earnestly the welfare of her great neighbour." All these pretences are not merely impudent, they are ludicrous to anyone who knows the facts—and who does not know them? But, of course, the Japanese are not complete fools. They do not suppose that they can really convince the world of their innocence or of the justice of their conduct. They rely on the power of the *fait accompli*; they will play on the fears and shortsightedness of all the Great Powers, and on the partiality of some of them. They have found a good deal to encourage them in this line during the past year, both in the utterances or the silences of statesmen like Sir John Simon, and in the writings of their champions in the European press. At this very moment the *Times* and the *Morning Post*, and the *Temps* in Paris, are treating their claim with extreme respect, whilst the *Daily Mail* positively licks their boots. "The bellicose pacifists at Geneva," it says, "should be made to understand that in no circumstances are the British people going to be dragged into a conflict with Japan. They regard Japan as their former faithful ally and present friend. They believe that her mission in Manchuria is a civilising and a humanising one. Sooner than be involved in hostilities with her, they would quit the League of Nations, which thay have always supposed to be a League of Peace, not of War."

We need not stop to inquire who gave Lord Rothermere a mandate to pontificate thus in the name of the British people. It is enough to say that the issue is not quite so simple as the *Daily Mail* implies. It is not even a question merely of who is to control Manchuria. It is, as Lord Lytton has put it, "whether the principle of collective responsibility for the maintenance of peace and justice shall be preserved or sacrificed." If that principle is to be sacrificed, we need not bother about Great Britain quitting the League—there will be no sense in anyone's staying in it. If it is to be preserved, then the Lytton Report must be upheld. It is in all the circumstances a very moderate report. It does not press hard on Japan; it amply recognises her grievances in the past, and it suggests a regime in Manchuria which would adequately safeguard her interests in the future. But it does condemn the invasion, and it insists, as the condition of a settlement, that the Japanese forces must evacuate the country, that the curtain shall be rung down on the Manchukuo farce, and that China's sovereignty over the Three Provinces shall be restored. If the Japanese will agree to those fundamental conditions, well and good. But assuming that they will not—and it looks as if we must make that assumption—what is the League, what are the Powers, to do? There are three alternatives. The first is to wash their hands of the whole business, to condone the Japanese aggression, to betray China, the Covenant and the Pact, and to prepare ourselves for boycotts and further loss of trade in the Far East, for further aggressions, for war before many years are past on a grander scale. We cannot believe that our statesmen, feeble as they have been hitherto, and wobbly as they still seem to be, will sink to that pitch of infamy and imbecility.

There remain, then, two other courses, a mild one and a stronger one. The mild one is to declare solemnly that Japan has violated her obligations, and that none of us will recognise her Manchukuo. Such a unanimous cry of "naughty boy!" might drive the Japanese out of the League, but would it drive them out of Manchuria? We very much doubt it. Would it satisfy the Chinese? And, if it did not—if, in fact, it merely exasperated them—what would be the chances of a real settlement of this dispute? And what, we ask those simple souls who think that quarrels on the far side of Asia do not matter to us—what would be the effect on something that we are all agreed does matter very much in Europe? Disarmament is urgent, to save our pockets if not our lives and our children's lives. It is no longer necessary to argue about that, even in the Carlton Club. But if the Covenant of the League and all that goes with it are to be treated as a joke, the will to disarm is hardly likely to be strengthened among the European nations. As for the Japanese militarists, they will evidently not reduce by a gun or a ship or a man whilst they are in their present situation—that is to say, whilst they are guarding their conquest in China and holding their own people in subjection at home. A Japan armed to the teeth will obviously not make for disarmament in America, and a big or a bigger American navy will not make for a smaller British navy. Those who have not followed very closely what is happening at this moment in the Far East might consider these few facts. The Japanese Budget estimates for next year include 397,000,000 yen for the army and 327,000,000 yen for the navy—an increase of nearly 100 per cent. and over 50 per cent. respectively on last year's figures. Besides this, five new Japanese air bases are being planned. China's powers may be more limited, but her mind is being driven the same way. Not long ago there appeared an article by a prominent member of the Chinese Government arguing that one of the first aims of Chinese policy must be to prepare for war against Japan. And very shortly there is to be held a conference of Provincial Governors to discuss the introduction of conscription in China.

As we see it, then, there is need for prompt action and firm action on the part of the League. That means—unless by some last minute miracle the leopard should change its spots—that the League ought to take the third course, and to put positive pressure on Japan to make an end of the Manchurian adventure. The Japanese are, we believe, a sensitive nation, and the withdrawal of ambassadors from Tokio would be a gesture that they would not take lightly. They are also a nation which, like a good many others at the present time, is in considerable pecuniary difficulties. An emphatic announcement that so long as they hold on to Manchuria they can look for no financial assistance from abroad would be an economic sanction of some weight. These are threats, to be sure, which nobody

wants to make. But Japan's aggression and defiance are also a threat, and a threat not to a people—or perhaps it would be fairer to say to a Government and an army—inflamed by nationalistic pride and ambition, but to a world striving desperately for peace. And though we cannot speak so confidently for the Japanese public as the *Daily Mail* does for the British we believe that there is a very large section of it which would rejoice to be free of the perilous and costly enterprise in China, of the men who planned it and developed it, and of the heavy burden of armaments that it necessitates. This pressure which we advocate, and which we advocated many months ago, involves the risk of war, it is said. But the risk is infinitesimal. How could Japan afford to wage a war against a united world? The real risk of war lies in disunion and timidity at Geneva.

BRITISH FRUIT

THIS country produces the finest hard and soft fruit in the world; in point of flavour, size, colour and general appearance, our apples, cherries and plums need fear no rivals. Under chosen conditions the same may be said of pears, while in the matter of bush fruit we are very readily first. Climate favours us, save when spring frosts and a cold summer discredit England's natural good intent; our soils, apparently an overrated factor in fruit growing, are excellent. A vast canning industry is in the making; foreign competition of the unrestricted order is being checked. To outward seeming the gardener's barometer is set fair, and there is a trade worth twenty million pounds a year to be captured.

Only when we look below the surface do we find that the position is not so strong as it should be, that we have thousands of acres of orchards not fit to survive; that it is almost absurdly difficult to get the best varieties planted on a large scale; that the canners are completely masters of the situation so far as prices are concerned. If the country will take advantage of the available opportunities we may hope, in no distant future, not only to supply our own tables, but to develop what promises to be a great export trade. It is unfortunate that the Ministry of Agriculture, natural guide and friend of the grower, should be affected badly by the prevailing official craze for curtailing or even terminating grants that are worth very much more to the nation than they cost. The Royal Horticultural Society, formed by Mr. John Wedgwood in the year before Nelson and Villeneuve met in Trafalgar Bay, has enjoyed for ten years past a subsidy from the Ministry towards the expenses of carrying out tests of the first importance not only to the trade but to the country. This grant has now been withdrawn. The R.H.S. has nearly 30,000 members, with a central station in the beautiful pinewood country at Wisley in Surrey, with sub-stations at East Malling and Borden in Kent, Merton in Surrey, Long Ashton in Somerset, Ennneth in Norfolk, Wisbech in the Isle of Ely, Osgodby in Yorks, Houghall near Durham, Perdiswell in Worcestershire, and Elbridge in Cornwall. Henceforth these centres of good work must strive unaided. County or Research Station officials look after the stations, but the general supervision comes from Wisley and a joint Committee of the R.H.S. and nominees of the Ministry.

In brief, the work of the R.H.S. is to breed, test and cultivate new varieties of fruit, vegetables and flowers, to test for synonyms as the potato experts do at Ormskirk, and generally to endeavour to improve upon the produce that enjoys popular favour. The work is long and arduous; it takes ten years, for example, to test a new variety of apple if it is really good. Bad ones and synonyms may be discarded in a season or two, but the survivors must be considered from all manner of viewpoints. In the standard collection at Wisley you may find, *inter alia*, 700 varieties of apple and more than a hundred varieties of pears, plums and gooseberries. At the moment one hundred and ten different types of apple are under examination, fifty types of raspberry, and as many black currants. Before a newcomer can be recommended it must be an improvement upon the existing commercial kind in several characteristics. It should precede or follow the kind its grower hopes to supersede, must be healthy and easy to keep in health, not liable to frost injury in spring, of vigorous growth and good habit, sound quality, commercial size, and attractive appearance; finally, it should be able to endure transport without undue reaction. Clearly these qualities take some years to establish, and when the successors to the reigning favourites are fit to enter their kingdom they find they must meet with considerable difficulties.

For example, as most people know, the Cox's Orange Pippin is the favourite dessert apple to-day, and Bramley's Seedling the popular cooker. But the last named is highly susceptible to frost, slow cropping and awkward in shape, and the popular Cox is a notoriously shy bearer. There are apples approaching both in point of quality and productivity, and many of the big commercial growers know all about them, but they cannot be expected to scrap acres of flourishing trees. Early ripening varieties like Beauty of Bath and Worcester Pearmains have formidable rivals among the new dessert apples, so has Bramley's Seedling among the new cooking kinds. The most the growers can do is to begin to plant for the future, if they are not too conservative to do so. At the same time, the consumer is as conservative as the producer. There are apples that are equally good for dessert and for puddings or pies, but the public has not yet learned to accept a dual purpose fruit: the housewife buys chiefly for colour.

Where bushes are concerned, the possibilities of progress are easier and the needs of the canning factories can be catered for. All manner of new kinds are coming to the front: cultivated blackberries like the Himalayan Giant and English Cut Leaf; gooseberries like "Lancer" which is said to leave all its competitors standing still; "Pines Royal," the raspberry that rivals the popular Lloyd George. Patient experimental work at Wisley and its sub-stations is enriching England against the time when a measure of fair play between the grower, the canner and intermediaries will enable the housewife, whose claims are so often overlooked, to enjoy the fruits of garden and orchard on reasonable terms. Of the commercial problem, so far as it relates to prices, the R.H.S. can take no heed, but it can tell the trade how varieties react to the tree. Elsewhere its work lies in the establishment of the best and soundest varieties on lines that will be commercially effective. For example, apples are grown on three kinds of stock, the Doucin, to produce fruit quickly but not permanently; the medium, an English broad-leaf which is suitable for gardens and does not grow to great size; and the perennial on a selected crab stock known as the Malling No. 12. In the old days stocks were raised by sowing pips from crab apples and the cider press; now they are raised by layering. Selected rooted shoots are pulled off the layered stock. The old time standard fruit trees of great girth are passing because of the spraying difficulties. It is necessary to have a spraying pressure of 200lbs. to the square inch, and you cannot apply this readily to the large trees.

One of the interesting discoveries of the Wisley research workers is that soil is really little more than anchorage for fruit trees and bushes. Land that has long been deemed worthless can literally bring forth fruit in due season. The planting can be quite shallow on the lightest soil. At Wisley it is a sandy loam, and the real problem is to cultivate the anchorage in fashion that will preserve the moisture. If the grower has soil that is well drained and properly fed with lime and potash, and if his trees are well selected and kept clean, he may look for the best results.

What are the outstanding qualities of a good dessert apple? It must keep well, have an attractive colour, red

for choice, be globular in shape and not less than 3in. in diameter, have a sweet aromatic flavour, firm, mellow flesh and a small core. The " cooker " must be large and have a mildly acid flavour. Raspberries must ripen early, be bright, keep their colour, and have a conical shape for better transport. Currants may be late or early, gooseberries and strawberries early: in short, every fruit must claim certain definite qualities. When Wisley raises a promising type it is sent to the sub-stations for further experiment and report. All details are collected and collated so that the grower has a guide that may be relied on.

Now we shall have to deal with increased activity on the part of all competitors in the fruit trade, and, in order to do so, it is of the first importance that all growers should keep in close touch with Wisley's research and experiment and should take fullest advantage of the reports. In every trade the man who has something to sell proclaims the merits and forgets the faults. This is natural enough. If you open a gardening paper you may easily find claims advanced on behalf of varieties that have been tried and found wanting. The grower has a heavy stock and must dispose of it to the best advantage. Just as the Institute of Research in Agricultural Engineering under Dr. Denham's direction at St. Giles, Oxford, can protect the unwary from a faulty machine; just as Ormskirk can protect the grower from the men who bring forward old potatoes under new names; so the R.H.S., whose Committee has Sir Daniel Hall for chairman, can protect the whole of the fruit growers of the country, whether they be amateurs whose small orchards are designed to produce the best for self and friends, or the commercial growers whose acreage runs into hundreds and whose commitments stretch far into five figures. Given wise direction, this country's superiority in fruit production can be established in a very little while.

It is indeed unfortunate that at so critical a juncture the Ministry of Agriculture should withdraw its helping hand, for at this moment the best effort of the Government, the Society, the business men and the general public, is needed in collaboration to establish firmly in our midst a home industry of the first importance. Few people realise that a large orchard can employ a considerable staff all the year round, and provide pleasant seasonal employment for hundreds of women and children. S. L. B.

A LONDON DIARY

LORD GREY'S letter to the *Times* of November 21st is a most revealing document. The summarised version of the recent volume of British documents, edited by Dr. G. P. Gooch and Professor Temperley, suggests, he says, that he took a " cynical view of British obligations in regard to Belgian neutrality." In order to show that " this was never the case " he quotes Sir Eyre Crowe's memorandum of 1908 arguing that Great Britain was liable for the maintenance of Belgian neutrality if either Belgium or any of the other guaranteeing Powers needed assistance in opposing its violation. To this Lord (then Sir Charles) Hardinge appended a minute to the effect that, though we were legally bound in the sense stated by Sir Eyre Crowe, " whether we could be called upon to carry out our obligation must necessarily depend upon our policy at the time and circumstances of the moment. Supposing that France violated the neutrality of Belgium in a war against Germany, it is in present circumstances doubtful whether England or Russia would move a finger to maintain Belgian neutrality, while if Germany did the violating we probably should honour our obligation." This minute Lord Grey noted then (and agrees now) was " to the point." In other words, if the French General Staff, which was, as *The Memoirs of General Joffre* show, considering, among other plans, a possible invasion of Germany through Belgium, had been in control and done what the Germans actually did in 1914, we should in that case have found it convenient to forget our " sacred obligation to little Belgium." If this is not the cynical view of a treaty obligation I do not know to what view Lord Grey refers.

* * *

It must, of course, be added that Lord Grey took such steps as he could to make this embarrassing contingency unlikely. He tells us that all general staffs were considering such " hypothetical schemes of strategy," that he had to repudiate in 1912 the suggestion that Great Britain might be the violator of Belgium, and also that the French were only persuaded to abandon their scheme of violating Belgian neutrality in deference to British warnings that it would " alienate Great Britain "—not that it would bring Great Britain into the war. The whole story illustrates once more the fundamental and, indeed, unavoidable dishonesty of diplomacy in a world of national states. It amounts simply to this. Since the nations claim to be " sovereign " (that is, to be above all moral and written law and subject only in the last resort to considerations of their own interest), no treaty between such nations can ever be really binding. We were guarantors of Belgian neutrality—but with the inward reservation that we would not honour our obligation if it did not pay us to do so. We, and all the other League States, have since promised to use pressure to check an aggressor. But Japan is admittedly an aggressor, and we have so far shown no intention of even attempting the mildest form of coercion because, in this case, our Ministers do not regard it as in our interest to do so. There can be neither peace nor sincerity in international relations until nations are willing to acknowledge a common super-national authority in their external relations.

* * *

That is the moral which Mr. Wells drew in his remarkable broadcast about the lack of " professors of foresight " in the world. For at least a generation he has himself been warning us of the destructive implications of modern scientific inventions, and complains that even now, when we are within measurable distance of the time when " men will be able to pack up a parcel of explosives or poison gas or incendiary gas, or any little thing of that sort, and send it up into the air to travel to just any chosen spot in the world and drop its load," we do not face this situation. But surely the trouble is no longer lack of professors of *foresight*. Even Mr. Baldwin, whom no one would accuse of having a riotous imagination, has tumbled to the danger. What we seem to lack is professors or ministers of *decision*. They know the danger, but still take no steps to hasten that world organisation without which, as Mr. Wells says, we must be prepared " to live with the voice of the stranger in our ears, with the eyes of the stranger in our homes, with the knife of the stranger always at our throats, in fear and in danger of death, enemy neighbours with the rest of our species."

* * *

Here is an astonishing and, of course exceptional, story of the working of the Means Test. An unemployed ex-soldier, a member of the Amalgamated Society of Wood-Workers (from whose Monthly Journal I quote), was receiving a disability pension of 16s. a week and, after the introduction of the Means Test, 6s. a week transitional benefit. He was rash enough and generous enough to give over a pint of his blood to save the life of a hospital patient. This reached the ears of the lady chairman of the Public Assistance Committee, who is reported to have commented as follows:

> What's all this about giving your blood away? You've no business to do it while you get any money from us, as you can't be looking for work while you are gadding round the hospitals wasting your time like this. In my opinion you should be prosecuted for obtaining money from us on false pretences, and I hope you will be sent to gaol for it.

This amiable hope was not fulfilled, but the Committee decided to *reduce the man's benefit to* 3*s. a week*, in spite of the fact that the operation of transfusing the blood took place during the dinner hour and the man was able to call in to inquire about four jobs on the way back! I suppose the moral is that an unemployed man may only give his blood in time of war.

* * *

This book is as original as the solar system.—Hugh Walpole on *First and Last Men*.

* * *

The author proves conclusively that the political unrest, unemployment, disease and immorality in our midst spring largely from foreign sources, and he points out how unemployment and house overcrowding can be considerably reduced.—From the publisher's account of the *Alien Menace*, by Lieut.-Col. A. H. Lane.

* * *

The following notice is to be seen pasted on to jars of honey in a "food reform" shop:

Gathered from country flowers and taken from hygienic hives without detriment or injury to the bees.

* * *

From the *Nigerian Daily Telegraph*:

A marriage which was to have been celebrated yesterday morning in the Cathedral yesterday morning in the Cathedral Church of Christ, Lagos, has been postponed owing to the prospective bride being delivered of a baby early yesterday morning.

* * *

There was something beastly in an Englishman getting drunk and kicking another white man.—The Magistrate at Marylebone Police Court, as reported in the *Observer*, November 20th.

CRITIC.

A FABLE IN REAL LIFE

ON Tuesday the two convicts who recently escaped from Dartmoor were captured in Exeter after enjoying (as we say) seven days of (what we call) freedom. As freedom took the shape partly of being chased by bloodhounds, it was apparently of a different variety from that which was promised so lavishly to the natives of the soil when Britain first arose from out the azure main. The convicts were captured, we are told, after burgling a house on Monday night. And a feature of the burglary that will impress all who like fables is that they "neglected jewellery, but took all the food they could find."

It is a story that throws light on the real importance of things. A moralist could preach a sermon on such a theme. The false glitter of jewellery, the passion with which women crave for it and men indulge the craving, its utter worthlessness at a crisis—Æsop could have made it all immortally clear in two hundred words. Ever since I was a boy I have regarded jewels with a cynicism akin to contempt. I have always enjoyed the story of the starving man in the desert who discovered a bag which he thought contained food, and, on opening it and seeing its contents, cried: "Alas, they are only pearls!" I was so delighted by the wisdom of the story that I am afraid I almost forgot the starving man and his sufferings. I do not remember whether he was an avaricious man who loved pearls and who was consequently taught a valuable lesson, though at a somewhat heavy price. I certainly did not reflect on the obvious fact that an impoverished saint was just as likely to make the hapless discovery of the pearls as a would-be plutocrat. What pleased me was that the story showed the hollowness of luxury, the uselessness of ornament.

And now come the two housebreakers of Dartmoor to act a drama with almost the same moral. Formerly, no doubt, when they entered a rich man's house the food in the larder was the last thing they sought after. If they had leisure, they would, perhaps, devote half an hour of it to his cold chicken and champagne. But, if they were in a hurry, they would as soon have thought of wasting their time on his waste-paper basket as on his larder. Jewels they desired beyond food, drink, books, or pictures. Diamond rings, pearl necklaces, gew gaws of almost any description—these were the objects of their almost idolatrous pursuit. Yet, as soon as they were starving and therefore compelled to face realities jewellery ceased to be of the slightest interest to them. If they had had to choose between a duchess's tiara and a cold ham they would have chosen the cold ham. They realised, as if in a flash, that a bracelet was a thing of less intrinsic worth than a penny bun. For the first time for many years, it may be, they understood the relative values of gold and milk. Once more they drove home by their action the ancient moral that we spend our lives in the pursuit of what is essentially worthless, and that it is only by bitter experience we learn that we live by what is simple and common, not by what is costly and rare.

But did they? Is there not, after all, a fallacy in this interpretation of the story of the starving man and the pearls and the story of the two convicts? Does the story of the starving man and the pearls teach us anything that all mankind has not realised and acted upon since Adam? No one, so far as I know, ever suggested that pearls were a food or even an adequate substitute for food. If a millionaire, in the days when there were millionaires, had set a dish of pearls on the table before his favourite child the child might have appreciated the gift for a single meal, even though he left it uneaten. But if, at meal after meal, and during day after day, the infatuated parent had continued to attempt to feed the child on pearls, the little one would have burst into tears and begged him for bread-and-butter. The moralists seem never to have realised that even the most bejewelled human beings have always preferred bacon and eggs to diamonds for breakfast. The fact that a burglar realises that a jewel is better worth stealing than a loaf of bread does not mean that he is ignorant of the superior nutritive quality of the loaf of bread when he is hungry. The Dartmoor convicts, indeed, may be said to have behaved with the traditional realism of the human race both when they stole jewels and when they stole food. They chose jewellery when they were not hungry and food when they were. Could any philosopher suggest a more prudent and common-sense choice?

Except during a crisis of hunger, there is no question of the superiority of the value of jewellery to the value of food. The man in the desert, if he had had plenty to eat, would have been bitterly disappointed if, having discovered a bag which he believed to contain pearls, he found that it contained nothing but rice. And his disappointment would have been just. The rice would have served him merely for a meal or two, whereas the pearls would have kept him in rice for life. In our present civilisation, jewellery is convertible into food, and, so long as this remains so, honest men and burglars will accumulate it more eagerly than food, except when hunger presses. Food, indeed, for those who have enough already is one of the least convenient things to accumulate. If, at the time of a wedding, all the friends of the bride poured great cartloads of food into the house instead of the more customary presents, could anything be more useless? Just as there are occasions on which food is more useful than jewellery, so there are occasions on which jewellery is more useful than food.

Yet, though I admit all this, I still find myself hankering after the moral of the old fable. I cannot help suspecting that it is somehow true—that most of us pursue with the greatest energy those objects that are least worth pursuing, and that we seldom face realities except when we are compelled to do so. There are no statistics to show how many men, on looking back when they have arrived at the age of sixty, come to the conclusion that they have wasted half their lives. I imagine, however, that most of us waste about half our lives. Some of us waste it in work; some in pleasure; some in ambition; some in indolence. We have

no sense of proportion. Our sense of values remains throughout life almost at the level of a child's. We go in quest of the crock of gold at the foot of the rainbow and prefer the show to the solid in our pursuits. At least, all the philosophers say so.

I confess I myself am a little less ambitious in the manner in which I waste half my life. The jewel that I most often seek is nothing glittering and substantial. It is, as a rule, simply anything that gives me an excuse for not having an object in life, for not doing something that I know I ought to do. If I know that I ought to write a letter the jewel of my quest is the solution of a cross-word puzzle or some such thing. I am no enemy or cross-word puzzles—I realise they do not do quite so much harm to the community as betting and drink—but I cannot help seeing in them a too frequent cause of dereliction of duty. And the worst of them is that, when one has solved them, a pricking of the conscience tells one that one would have been better employed in writing long-overdue letters, or in reading Milton, or in studying the latest controversy at Geneva. Again, how many Englishmen have a sense of proportion in regard to the cricket at present being played in Australia? Many of them, when they read that the Nawab of Pataudi has hurt his finger, are more profoundly disturbed than they would be if they were told that war had broken out in the East of Europe. If Bradman were bowled out first ball in the coming Test match, is it not true that thousands of men would rejoice more enthusiastically than if they heard of the cancellation of the American Debt? They are spell-bound by the glittering jewellery of sport as others are by films, parties, and all the other popular methods of wasting time.

Let them ponder the lesson of the Dartmoor convicts, and learn to see things in their proper proportion. Let them—Example is better than precept, however. I will write to New York—to-morrow. Y. Y.

THE FARCE OF THE GRAND JURY

[FROM A LEGAL CORRESPONDENT.]

A RECENT pronouncement of the Lord Chancellor indicates that some measures of law reform are being incubated. It is to be hoped that the scheme, as and when it matures, will dispense with the present farce of the grand jury. For, although the grand jury system is strenuously defended by such judicial stalwarts as Mr. Justice McCardie and the Recorder of London, it is still questionable whether it has anything really to recommend it except the mere halo of antiquity.

Let us examine briefly how it works out in practice. Now, all persons accused of indictable offences are committed for trial by the amateur justices or the professional stipendiaries, as the case may be. Mere committal, however, does not automatically result in trial. First there has got to take place a perfunctory investigation (usually lasting about five minutes) by a body of grand jurors (normally twenty-three), who, having heard the witnesses in the absence of the accused, decide whether or not there is a *primâ facie* case, and either throw out the bill, or else solemnly troop into court and present to the clerk the actual indictment (which has been previously prepared by the authorities). The orthodox justification for the business is that it constitutes a necessary safeguard against unjust convictions. The modern attack contends that it is mere archaic machinery, involves waste of money in summoning the jury, waste of the time of the jurors, and achieves no real judicial purpose (except conceivably to serve as an opportunity for the social reunion of the "bigwigs" of the county and the delivery of legal lectures to them by the presiding judge). To borrow the words of a distinguished jurist:

> "Their sole function . . . is to repeat badly what has already been done well: to hear in secret imperfectly and in the absence of the accused one side of the case, after both sides of it have already been heard fully in open court, and with full opportunity of legal aid. A bad tribunal is laboriously brought together in order to revise the work of a better one."

But to what extent can the system be justified as a necessary safeguard against unjust convictions? In the first place the total of bills thrown out by the grand juries is probably about 2 per cent. But the fact that the grand jury throw out a bill does not really mean that an innocent man has been rescued from the jaws of injustice through the magic of a vital constitutional palladium: not a bit of it. Before the grand jury start on their duties they are specifically charged by the judge, viz., given hints or directions to find true bills in some cases, and not to find true bills in other cases. In the substantial majority of cases bills are thrown out or "ignored" in direct accordance with these suggestions. Inasmuch as it is safe to presume that in all such cases the judge would also withdraw the case from the jury on trial, and direct an acquittal, the sole effective result of the investigation is to enable the accused to be discharged a few hours earlier. But even from this angle one may contrast the classic case where the late Mr. Justice Bailhache stultified the whole procedure, by directing the grand jury to find a true bill in a case where there was no evidence, so that the accused could enjoy the luxury of an acquittal in open court!

There remains that infinitesimal percentage of cases, say one-half per cent., where the bills are ignored by the grand jury of their own spontaneous volition. Of these, a number, according to one version, are ignored, at any rate in certain places, on principle: i.e., whatever the evidence, one bill at least is ignored by the grand jury simply, as it were, to keep up their constitutional end, and to prevent the machinery getting rusty from disuse.

There now remains that still smaller percentage of cases in which the jury reject the bill purely on their views of the merits. But even in these cases the justification for the retention of the grand jury rests on two hypotheses: (a) that the trial of the cases in question would, in fact, result in a conviction; (b) that such conviction under the guidance of a presumably competent judge would be wrong. I confess frankly that I fail to see any justification for these two hypotheses. If the evidence is insufficient the presumption is that the jury will acquit. If, on the other hand, there is a conviction, why assume that it is wrong? According to one Lord Chancellor, the majority of bills rejected deserve to be tried.

It is thus clear that it is only in an infinitesimal number of cases that the grand jury is operative as distinct from ornamental, and that even in these cases its utility is extremely dubious. But in so far as it is not needed, the wastage of time (and, to some extent, of money) is obviously to be deprecated, particularly at quarter sessions, where the grand jurors are farmers and tradesmen for the most part, snatched from their occupation, sometimes forced to find lodgings for the night, and not even allowed the expenses of their travel. As a perfect *reductio ad absurdum*, even in cases where the prisoner pleads guilty, the grand jury, though absolved now from hearing the evidence, is yet bound to find a true bill and bring it into court (except at those quarter sessions where all the accused plead guilty).

On the other hand, at assizes the grand jurors are for the most part notables, and the proceedings tend to partake of the character of a county function. But what justification is this for the keeping alive of a legal anachronism, or for the spending of one pennyworth of public money?

There is certainly a strong body of opinion in favour of the abolition of a system which is simply a pure piece of mediæval formalism. Even on the occasion of the Criminal

Justice Bill of 1925 the Lords were in favour of the abolition of grand juries (which, indeed, was temporarily effected during the war at a saving in the Metropolitan district alone of £10,000), but the proposal was rejected by the Commons.

It is to be hoped that, in spite of the obstruction of the devotees of tradition and of ceremonial, drastic measures will be taken to terminate the wasting of any more public time and money either to make a County holiday, or to keep exhibited in the twentieth century the mere paraphernalia of a historical museum.

NEW LIGHT ON OLD PHRASES

The debate of the Sino-Japanese dispute is already concluded. . . . The League's real duty lies in mediating and seeking a compromise on the basis of existing facts. ASAHI.

AS one who toils in mad pursuit
Of clarity in definition,
I turn with reverence to salute
This masterpiece of erudition,
From which so fierce a searchlight blazes
To throw new light on time-worn phrases.

No longer need we feel confused
Between "discussion" and "debate";
Since, when the words are rightly used
By people who discriminate,
The term "debate" can but embrace
Japan's own statement of her case.

No longer, too, can we suppose
That "compromise" means give-and-take,
Since, as this pregnant extract shows,
Whatever interests are at stake,
True "compromise" implies a plan
To vest them wholly in Japan.

Nor need we any longer ask
Exactly what the League is for,
Or seek to codify its task
In words that shroud it more and more;
The League exists, one clearly sees,
To register Japan's decrees.

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

THE TRAFFIC IN ARMS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to an entertaining paragraph about myself which appeared in your issue of October 29th last. I observe, on investigation of its context, that it appears in a column called "A London Diary," and that the writer of it prefers to conceal his identity under the pseudonym of "Critic." I daresay he is very wise in doing that, but I have no great respect for literary "snipers" of such furtive habits. But as the paragraph appears in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, a journal to which, in the prehistoric days before the war, I was one of the original subscribers, and, by invitation, an occasional contributor, though never an anonymous, much less a pseudonymous, one, I will deal with him.

The writer in question, in "criticising" a letter of mine on the subject of "Disarmament" which appeared in the *Times* of October 24, starts off with the somewhat plaintive remark that "one might have expected a certain elementary knowledge of the armament problem" from me in view of the fact that I "was Deputy Adjutant-General on the Commission of Control which disarmed Germany after the war." One might indeed. But, pursues "Critic," "his letter to the *Times* shows that he is ignorant of the very elements of the problem." I sometimes wish I were. My letter-bag would be appreciably lighter if I was. Unfortunately for my leisure, nearly everybody who is entitled to speak with any authority on this subject has written to me for advice, information, and all the rest of it as to the technical difficulties (there are a few) of "Disarmament." If "Critic" will call on me at my chambers I will show him the correspondence. Oddly enough, there is in my dossier a letter, of which more in a moment, from the very writer whom "Critic," with great kindness, invites me to study, Major Lefebure. By a felicitous coincidence I have just received a letter from Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, in which, referring to my recent letters in the *Times*, which appear to have been cabled to America, he invites me, on behalf of the Carnegie Endowment, to write an article on the whole problem of Disarmament. I hope it will not upset "Critic" if I tell him that Dr. Butler, after a graceful tribute to what he is pleased to call "the calm and judicial review" of this question contained in my letter to the *Times*, urges on me compliance with his invitation on the ground that "your well-known authority on the subject would make the distribution of such an article of the greatest value at a time when the question of reduction of armaments is being actively pressed, but under very serious difficulties."

The particular point—there were a good many points—in my letter in the *Times* which appears to have upset your paragraphist was my observation that I believed the thesis that the private manufacture of arms was "one of the chief obstacles" to Disarmament to be a fallacy. I supported my proposition by a disclosure of the facts about armament manufacture in Germany which had induced the Council of the Inter-allied Commission, on which I served for four years as one of the two general officers representing Great Britain, to decide unanimously in favour of the licensing of private armament factories, in preference to State factories, as constituting by far the less danger of the two. "Critic" makes no attempt to deny a single one of these facts or even to tell your readers what they were. I have neither the time nor the inclination to repeat them. I have given him an argument, but I cannot give him an understanding. The Council of the Commission included a British General Officer with an almost unique experience of armaments manufacture and a French General Officer equally expert. It studied the question for months on the spot. But I gather from "Critic" that we were all equally "ignorant of the very elements of the problem." Perhaps we ought to have called him in.

But much the most entertaining remark in "Critic's" improvised meditations is his advice to me to read "the story of Krupp's" in a book by Major Lefebure. I am left wondering whether "Critic" is aware that Krupp's establishment is situated in Germany. I can assure him that it is, and that we "controlled" it during the whole of the four years I served on the Commission. I, in common with my colleagues on the Council, studied Krupp's and all its activities before, after, and during the war. With the assistance of four experienced Ordnance officers of the Commission stationed by us in Krupp's establishment itself I inspected it and I reported on it. I know more about Krupps than "Critic" knows or ever will know—more even than Major Lefebure, who was not a member of the Commission and who has never seen our Reports, which are official documents in the custody of the War Office. And the great "nursery" of the war manufacture of Germany was, as I pointed out in the *Times*, not Krupps', but the State factory at Spandau, which we closed down. Major Lefebure is, according to "Critic," an expert. I will not deny it because, although I have not read his book, I have read another and a valuable book of his on the German Chemical Industry, in which he enforces one of the very points I made in my letter in the *Times*, namely, that every German chemical factory is, as Lord Moulton put it to me, and must always remain under any scheme of "Disarmament," "a potential arsenal." But if Major Lefebure is an expert on Disarmament, he must be particularly qualified to know who else is an expert on the subject. And when he was writing his book on *Scientific Disarmament*, which "Critic" with much condescension advises me to read, he wrote asking me to advise him and a group of gentlemen, including the honoured name of Lord Cecil, who were studying the question of Disarmament. Major Lefebure explained that what he was pleased to call my great knowledge and experience would be of considerable assistance. Unfortunately, the demands of my profession made it impossible

for me to accept. In view of Major Lefebure's letter to me, "Critic," in repudiating my authority, has only succeeded in repudiating the authority of the expert on whom he relies to controvert me. I am sorry for "Critic," but the ditch into which he has thus fallen head over heels was dug by his own hands. Not all the King's horses and all the King's men will get him out of it.

Those who think that the "private" manufacture of arms is the chief obstacle to Disarmament are clearly under the impression that, if such manufacture is confined to State establishments the world traffic, admittedly a lamentable traffic, in arms will cease. Unfortunately, they are wrong. A great factor in the export trade in arms to-day is the Soviet Government's own armament factories. Not so very long ago, Herr Gessler, then German Minister of Defence, in reply to a Socialist interpellation in the Reichstag, threw a lurid light on the magnitude and direction of the export activities of those Russian factories. The suppression of the "private" manufacture of arms, if that were possible, which I greatly doubt, would not stop the Soviet Government's traffic; it would merely minister to it.

I conclude by returning for a moment to "Critic." He is good enough to advise me to read the untutored propagandist literature of that noisy and infatuated "claque" of persons, as the *Times* happily called them, known as the Union of Democratic Control, and notorious, during the war, for its "defeatist" activities, which landed some of its brightest and most meretricious ornaments in prison. I am afraid I must decline the entertainment. But one good turn deserves another, and if "Critic" wishes to learn "the elements," and much more than the elements, of the subject, I will put him in the way of reading what I have written thereon. I am not going to advertise my own writings in this letter, but if "Critic" will look up the back numbers of the *Quarterly Review* he will find a certain article which will teach him a great deal that he does not know. Of that article I will only say that a certain department in Whitehall, although they in no sense "inspired" it, wrote to me in terms of unqualified approval of it; that Marshal Foch had it translated for the use of the French General Staff, and the German Pacifist League, the *Deutsche Liga für Menschenrechte*, on their own initiative, not mine, had it translated and circulated to all the members of the German Reichstag. And if "Critic" is still convinced that I know nothing of "the very elements" of the problem, well, I commend to him the exhortation of Burke: "It is better to believe yourself dull than the rest of mankind mistaken."

2 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4. J. H. MORGAN.

[Critic replies: "I am not called upon to reply to General Morgan's abuse, nor to defend the normal journalistic practice of using a pseudonym. In this lengthy and self-revealing letter, General Morgan makes no reference to the point of my paragraph. I did not say that the private manufacture of arms was a main obstacle to Disarmament, though I could easily have sustained that thesis by referring to the activities of armament firms at Geneva, and to their ownership or control of some of the newspapers which play a leading part in opposing Disarmament on the Continent. Nor did I for a moment deny that General Morgan was an authority on the technical problems of Disarmament. I remarked that it was strange for a man who had been on the Commission of Control to make so elementary a blunder as to say that it would be reversing all economic theory to hold that "supply creates demand" in the traffic in arms. (Supply, in fact, creates demand in many other things as well as armaments, but General Morgan, who is a lawyer, but not, so far as I know, an economist, may not have studied the common uses of advertising.) Because the report of the League of Nations Temporary Mixed Commission on this subject is quoted in the *Secret International* I referred him to that pamphlet. He replies that he has not read it, and, instead of considering the evidence it contains, reviles the organisation which issued it! I also referred him to Major Lefebure's account of the way in which Krupps built up their organisation. General Morgan replies that he has not read that either, but that Major Lefebure once consulted him as an authority on Disarmament! Why General Morgan should think that this astonishing *non sequitur* puts me "in a ditch" passes my comprehension. I could quote plenty more examples to show the fallacy of General Morgan's remark that armament firms cannot stimulate competition in arms because supply cannot create demand. But what would be the good? General Morgan would presumably again reply that he is an authority and that I am not, which would again be true but totally irrelevant. Even an authority who has been congratulated by Dr. Nicholas Murry Butler may make a mistake. In this case I can prove that General Morgan has made one, but I cannot supply him with the modesty required for admitting it."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SAVING AND SPENDING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. C. E. Theodosius asks me "what happens when the contemplated public works are completed?" For the increased purchasing power would then cease. Yes. When the patient has another attack of the disease, viz., unemployment due to excessive saving or insufficient spending, another dose of the medicine will be required. I did not argue that public works, financed in each time of depression, are a radical cure. There is no radical cure so long as the most profitable forms of industry and finance remain in the sphere of private enterprise yielding surplus gains so large in normal times as to upset the equilibrium between saving and spending.

For in spite of Mr. Wentworth's doubts there does exist at any given time a right proportion between income spent on consumptive goods and income spent on capital goods, i.e., investment. This proportion is, of course, constantly changing with changes in the technique of production and standards of consumption. Where Mr. Wentworth goes wrong, I think, is in stating that "all incomes reaching the individual are changed into the prices of consumptive goods." Personal incomes are received as payments for producing three classes of goods, consumption goods, replacement goods, and new capital goods. J. A. HOBSON.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—From the recent article by Mr. Hobson on "Saving and Spending," together with this week's article on the raising of commodity prices and the correspondence which Mr. Hobson's article has evoked, several facts emerge worthy of the emphasis of isolated statement.

1. The money issued in respect of capital construction—whether of public works or of private plant—is spent on consumable goods by wage-earners and others, and goes towards the raising of the prices of such commodities.

2. This means that the community as a whole pays for these items of capital construction by suffering a dilution of the purchasing power of all money in the country.

3. The community pays again for such capital construction, generally twice, at least once through the medium of the sinking fund (public works) or depreciation charges. In fact, after the expiration of the 60 years mentioned by your correspondent the entire loan is often still outstanding.

While there is nothing morally wrong with this method of financing production so long as it remains workable, there is a great deal wrong with the present methods of getting the money into the hands of the community to meet three times a debt which has been incurred but once. Is it still too soon to expect that the creation and distribution of monetary instruments will shortly be exercised for the consumption of all the goods required by the community, and that the creation of irredeemable debt will be a thing of the past? C. BAXTER.

88 Loopland Park, Belfast.

HEALTH AND ECONOMY

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Whatever view may be taken as to the necessity or otherwise of the present economy campaign, there can be no doubt that the reduction of the standard of life which is necessitated by it is liable to cause definite deterioration in both physical fitness and resistance to disease. Even with prices as they are to-day a sufficiency of food of the right sort implies a considerable weekly expenditure. Dr. G. P. Crowden, writing in the *Lancet* in April, 1932, on "The Minimum Cost of Physiological Adequate Diets for Working-class Families," regards 7s. a week as the minimum cost of the food necessary for a labouring man. Mr. Caradog Jones, as the result of a Social Survey carried out under the auspices of the University of Liverpool, puts it at 6s. 3d. The members of the Advisory Committee on Nutrition of the Ministry of Health, in a report on the Diet in Poor Law Children's Homes (1932), state that the food that they recommend

for such children will cost 4s. 6½d. per week provided that all provisions are bought at contract prices.

Now it must be evident that if the above statements are correct a good many families have not at the present time sufficient coming in week by week, after the rent is paid, to provide themselves with a sufficiency of food, even if we assume that nothing is being spent on cleansing, warming, lighting, clothing and other necessities. It must, of course, be admitted that in cases of unemployment of short duration, previous savings in money or kind may be drawn upon and some amount of assistance from relations and friends looked for. But the present prolonged period of unemployment, the impoverishment of those around, and the application of the Means Test, make these adventitious sources of income negligible in many cases, with the result that the family has to depend entirely upon Unemployment Benefit or Public Assistance relief, which, as has already been shown, are entirely insufficient to keep their recipients in physiological health.

Because the members of the Medical Profession can alone be fully cognisant of the importance of the issues involved, it is in our opinion their duty to do their utmost to protect their fellow countrymen, and especially the children of the nation, from that physical degeneration which is certain to follow a deficiency of the right sort of food. It is of the greatest importance that the standard of our national stock shall be maintained, and it is the object of this letter to urge upon our colleagues the necessity for dealing with every case of malnutrition due to poverty that comes before their notice, by reference with a brief note to the Relieving Officer, as this official is bound by Act of Parliament to provide nourishment when this is needed.

On behalf of the Socialist Medical Association,
43 Devonshire Street, Portland Place, W.1. SOMERVILLE HASTINGS, President. CHARLES W. BROOK, Secretary.

THE *TIMES* AND DISARMAMENT

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—I regret to find that in my article published in your issue of October 29th I involuntarily did an injustice to the *Times* by attributing to it the suggestion that the French should consent to reduce their land armaments without any allusions to the British navy. I was misled by a telegram from London published in the French and Swiss press on October 19th and 20th, in which a passage from a leader in the *Times* of October 19th was detached from its context and its meaning completely distorted. Circumstances prevented me from seeing the *Times* for a few days and, when I wrote my article on October 23rd, I had seen no contradiction of the version given in the telegram in question, which I therefore assumed to be accurate. Several French and Swiss papers, including the *Temps*, were misled in the same way as myself, and based editorial comments on the erroneous version of the passage from the *Times* leader.

I am sorry that I departed for once from my usual practice of not relying on secondhand quotations unless I am able to verify them, but I take this opportunity of suggesting that, in cases of this sort, the agency or correspondent responsible for the misrepresentation should be called upon to give the same publicity to a correction of it. ROBERT DELL.

Geneva.

THE MEANS TEST

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—May I, as a subscriber to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from the issue of the first number up till now, record my dissatisfaction with your observations and adjectives applied to the Government's proposals affecting the "Means Test," in your issue of November 12th?

While in error as to the fact, your use of the phrase "disgusting meanness" to a form by which the owner of money shall use a portion of it for his own sustenance, seems to suggest the "Soap Box" more than the Editorial Chair. I am not disposed to feel disgusted with any person who is asked and is willing to contribute to his own support, but that attribute might not unreasonably be felt towards a person, who, able to do something for himself asks and takes from his neighbours the sustenance which he knows he does not absolutely need. Last Christmas, on the ground of real necessity, I assisted with others in giving a cart of coals to a man who died six months later leaving £750. Regarding him my complaint is that by disregarding the "Means Test" he prevented at least one needier person being assisted. It seems a reasonable question to ask, why a thrifty person who has saved for the proverbial "rainy day" should not contribute to his own support in a fashion which does not penalise him for the benefit of the thriftless? As to the amount of the contribution there may be ample grounds for difference of opinion, but there seems to me to be no ground for disgust at the suggestion that self-help is a finer trait than self-seeking at the expense of neighbours. It may be fair to say that a man with £100 should not be asked to exhaust it before he gets help from the State, but it is equally fair to say that a just contribution should be made by him long before it is exhausted. Under a harsher dispensation a person in Scotland with £100 did not get assistance from the Parish.

But may not a fairer method be found than asking, regardless of age, 3s. per week as a contribution for the first £100 a man possesses, and 4s. per £100 up to £300? Might not each applicant for State assistance who is qualified for it, and who possesses some capital of his own, be asked to contribute weekly the amount which such capital would give to him in the form of an annuity based on his expectancy of life? This sum could easily be ascertained from printed Actuarial Tables.

Regarding the "fundamental vice" that "the administration is left in the hands of the Local Authorities and based on Poor Law principles," the Local Authorities generally do not wish to administer a scheme which should be entirely in the hands of independent officers of the State. The Local Authorities have officially declared that unemployment should be a State charge and entirely removed from local control and administration.

Avonholm, Hamilton. HENRY O. KEITH.

[Our comment was not concerned with the propriety or otherwise of "self-help." The meanness was in the way in which the matter was put—the pretence that £25 of capital should be regarded as equivalent to an income of 1s. a week, which it obviously is not. Sir Henry Keith's last paragraph confirms our view about the vice of the system.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

BOMBING THEM INTO THE LEAGUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your correspondent "National" challenges me by name to explain the military necessities of a "long continued little war" in the area of the Hedjaz railway, of the existence of which he apparently claims to be the discoverer.

"National" presumably refers, loose and misleading though his statements are, to the action recently taken by British and local forces to prevent Transjordan tribesmen from joining in the Ibn Rifada rebellion in the friendly state of Saudi, Arabia. The action taken in that area did not involve bomb dropping on any single occasion. The aircraft were employed only for reconnaissance and as ancillary to the police forces which succeeded in holding the Transjordan tribesmen in check without any active operations being necessary.

It is, I have good reason to believe, the case that no bombs have been dropped in Transjordan or Palestine since March, 1929, when action was taken against some raiding tribesmen on the Syrian frontier. F. H. HARRISON.

GEORGE CANNING

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Professor Harold Temperley's statements are always valuable; and I am only sorry that he now regrets that his own masterly argument (it was his, not mine) has convinced him that Canning was responsible for the Foreign Office policy which led us into the Great War of 1914. But it is not quite correct to say that I, in my reply, ignored the finer details of his evidence—the "doctrine of recognition of States and duties of neutrals," and that Canning "foreshadowed the League of Nations." It was clearly hopeless to ask for space to reply on these matters at length; but I did not omit to note them. I saw clearly that, in my opinion, these details were overwhelmed by Prof. Temperley's general summing up: "Thus up till 1914 the lines of British policy which he (Canning) laid down were substantially unchanged."

I have a grossly materialist mind, and I cannot get delighted with laws for neutrals when the main policy ended in a World War where the few neutrals were of little more importance than babes in the midst of a dog fight. I cannot even glow when I am told that Canning *might* have built us a League of Nations a hundred years ago—whereas, unfortunately, we got a World War instead. I am still less enthusiastic when I remember that we have now got Canning's League (or is it the League dreamed of by a dozen or so thinkers before Canning was born?).

This League has many theoretical virtues; but its most practical use, so far, appears to be to provide a convenient hostel where French diplomats can scare their international colleagues to death by tales of what will happen to the world if we are not all armed to the teeth. I am not quite sure that the armament manufacturers do not regard Geneva as the best place to concentrate their commercial travellers.

Professor Temperley thinks the plutocrats of Canning's time were nice peaceful fellows. But what was the good of looking gentle when they had a ravenous desire for world markets, which must inevitably lead to war sooner or later. But that is only more of my regrettable crude realism. G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

1 Pump Court.

Miscellany

THE NEW REVIVALISM

THE movement known to its numerous friends and adherents in this country as the Oxford Groups, to its enemies as the Buchmanites, and in America as the First Century Christian Fellowship, has become a definite force in the religious life of the country, and it is high time that it received the critical attention which its present position merits. The movement obtained its name of the "Oxford Groups" after several of its devotees returned in 1928 from a tour in South Africa, where it was commonly known by that title; and, although it has no specific roots in Oxford, its activities are particularly widespread in the University, and the name has stuck. In the early days, the Groups shunned rather than sought publicity, and it is only recently that they have seemed to seek the full glare of newspaper attention, perhaps due to the fact that several prominent religious leaders, hostile to or mistrustful of the movement at first, have played the part of Balaam (although it may not be unfair to suggest that their consciences have acted the Ass). Public meetings have been held in Oxford and elsewhere this year, and now Mr. A. J. Russell, a journalist, has published *For Sinners Only* (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.), a volume which appears to have received the official sanction of the leaders of the movement, and which is described on the cover as "the book of the Oxford Groups."

The founder and mainspring of the movement is an American, Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, who was born in 1878 and ordained a Lutheran minister. The Groups proclaim as their ideals absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love—ideals which may be impossible of attainment in this imperfect world, but with which few will wish to quarrel. They insist on what they call "surrender," on one critical decision. They attach immense importance to "guidance," and believe that every word, thought and deed should be governed by the guidance received in "quiet times," which should take place at the beginning of every day and whenever any difficulty occurs. The third great principle of the Groups is that of "sharing," arising from the definition of sin as anything which separates a man from God or from another person; all experiences, virtuous or vicious, should be shared with other members of the Group. The ideas contained in these principles are the old ideas of religious revivalism without the old terminology.

There need be no question of Dr. Buchman's sincerity; but, like other prophets, he has suffered from the excessive zeal of his disciples, by whom he is always referred to as "Frank"; there may, on the other hand, be some doubt about the intellectual capacity of a man who coins a phrase such as "P-R-A-Y: Powerful-Radiograms-Always-Yours," quoted by Mr. Russell with approval as an example of "forceful epigram." In *For Sinners Only*, indeed, the zeal of the convert at times approaches perilously near idolatry:

> Frank is perfectly disciplined. He does not wander voluntarily in his spiritual life: he goes direct to the Source all the time, and expects the Source to come direct to him. *Whatever he does he feels must be right, since he is doing what is the guided thing for him to do.*

The italics are mine, and without supposing that Dr. Buchman accepts this estimate of himself, it demonstrates how easy it is for members of the Groups to fall into that fallacy which has been the bane of so many religious revivals, the fallacy of supposing themselves sinless. Dr. Buchman himself is, perhaps, chiefly to blame for one other aspect of the movement which arouses strong dislike, since it has been largely caused by his original decision to concentrate its work in the Universities, and that is its often appalling snobbery. Mr. Russell's book bristles with "blues," whose athletic prowess is apparently intended to emphasise the value of their conversion, and it is also sprinkled with peers and princesses; the ideal combination is reached when he relates that a certain George "came to be the secretary of a national chain of Bible-classes organised by a well-known amateur pugilist who belonged to one of the old families." The following passage from a report of a meeting in the States in the *New York Herald Tribune* of April 26 this year renders it superfluous to labour the point (the italics are again mine):

> On the platform with him (*i.e.*, Dr. Buchman) were three members of the movement from Holland, Count Bentinck and the Baronesses Albertina and Lilian Van Heeckeran Van Kell, each of whom spoke briefly of their experiences of conversion and their "changed lives."
>
> "When a count and two baronesses take a 'quiet hour' together," Dr. Buchman said in introducing them, "some people may wonder what that has to do with the poor, the working classes of a country. Yet after these persons were 'changed' at a luncheon, their influence spread and brought into the movement *the leader of the Socialist party of Holland—the Ramsay MacDonald of the country. This spirit must touch every one, rich and poor alike.*"

No one will now be surprised to find that the movement is definitely anti-Communist, that Dr. Buchman is of opinion that moral Bolshevism precedes political Bolshevism, and that Mr. Russell seems more than once to make the very large assumption that it was the will of the Almighty to expand the sales of the sensational Conservative Press. Prodigal sons are obviously out of fashion; it is the elder brothers who need to be brought into the fold.

The dangers of the theology of crisis, of a definite, unmistakable, almost instantaneous conversion or "surrender," have been too often pointed out to require repetition. No doubt many lives have been "changed" in this way for the better; and Mr. Russell gives many examples of startling and apparently permanent improvement. It is not every one, however, who travels on the road to Damascus, or who experiences the blinding flash of a sudden spiritual metamorphosis, and the assumption by the Groups that this method is one which should be universally experienced is damaging, dangerous and absurd.

The principle of "guidance" is also carried to an extreme which invites excesses. Not every still, small voice is that of the living God, and there appear to be no safeguards erected by members of the Groups against an almost infinite self-deception; the assumption that every one is a mystic is as dubious as the assumption that there is no such thing as mysticism. "Frank's 'guidance' was that I call at Brown's Hotel for afternoon tea," writes Mr. Russell in all seriousness, and elsewhere states that Dr. Buchman receives guidance before expending money on postage. Has the Group Movement never heard of the subconscious? Or even of the ordinary human belly? The risk of anarchy arising from a multitude of individual "guidances" is met, in practice, by the reference of important decisions to a small inner circle possessing a final and complete authority; this procedure is extraordinarily inconsistent, and partially explodes the claim that the movement dispenses with all organisation.

"Sharing" is merely public confession without the safeguards imposed by other Christian bodies among which it is practised. It takes place especially at the "house-

parties " which are a feature of the movement, and which a wit has described as " spiritual speakeasies." Complete frankness is demanded, and the results of a painstaking introspection must be fearlessly declared, for that which separates one person from another is sin. Opponents of the movement have alleged that sex occupies a disproportionate amount of time at " sharings," which certainly take place with mixed audiences, and, while I have no evidence of this, it cannot be doubted that the spiritual bootlegger might prove as ugly a customer as the alcoholic one. The statement of the Rev. Sherwood Day, another spokesman of the movement, in his *Principles of the Group*, that " the experience that is not shared dies or becomes twisted and abnormal " is nonsense if meant literally ; privacy is not a sin, nor reserve a vice, and the perils of excessive introspection are probably far greater than those of the taciturnity concerning their souls for which the English are noted.

One result of the movement's insistence on Faith rather than Works is that Dr. Buchman has told America that " there will never be a trade revival or any economic improvements without one fundamental thing first—a spiritual revival " (*New York Herald Tribune*, April 26), an insidious and catchpenny doctrine for a country in the middle of the greatest depression ever known. Does Dr. Buchman think that before the crash of 1929 America was as healthy spiritually as she was wealthy and prosperous ? " Only believe, and thou shalt see That Christ can spell prosperity " has never been a hymn firmly grounded in Christian truth. A second result of the insistence of faith is the wholly unintellectual character of the movement ; Dr. Buchman, records Mr. Russell, refuses to discuss intellectual difficulties, and that is apparently the policy of a movement whose whole appeal is emotional not rational. A third result is that, although it claims that all sects of Christianity are represented in its ranks, it tends to affirm that it alone possesses the key to the true entrance. This makes adherents of the movement, usually young and with all the indiscreet missionary ardour of youth, appear intolerably self-complacent.

The claim that the Groups have no organisation is not quite honest. The renting of three women's colleges at Oxford, for instance, for the annual summer " house-party " must involve some organisation ; the colleges are not charitable institutions. The seeds of organisation, according to all precedent, cannot but grow, more especially as the movement's claim not to compete with the churches cannot be entirely substantiated ; other movements, begun in the same way, have become well-organised sects. Their supreme confidence of being in the right will doubtless enable adherents of the movement to await the future with an assured calm, but the impartial observer, who has watched its startlingly rapid growth with some alarm, may well look on its further development with caution and considerable misgiving.

BRIAN ROBERTS.

THE SPELL

I KNELT upon a stone
And listened to the song
Of a linnet in a bush.
I had not listened long
Before the music stopped,
And there I knelt alone
Still in the after-hush
Entranced. And when I woke
I found the summer gone,
The leaves upon the oak
Shrivelled, grey with frost.
Then, one by one, they dropped,
And I was old and lost.

RICHARD CHURCH.

THE ART OF MAMOULIAN

THE film industry has produced many men of talent, but few artists. Mamoulian has always seemed to me one of those rare men. The picture of first love in *Applause*, of crime in *City Streets*, of the macabre in *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, all had about them a distinction that transcended their Hollywood setting. His latest film *Love Me To-night* (at the Carlton) shows what he can make of an old story in new dress, and more sensationally, perhaps, what he can make of Chevalier. *Love Me To-night* is a latter-day version of *The Sleeping Beauty*, with Chevalier as a tailor's apprentice, who bursts into a ducal château to get a bill paid, and carries off a princess dying of ennui and inbreeding.

Such a treatment of an old tale lends itself to facetiousness, the facetiousness of Mark Twain or of Will Rogers. But Mamoulian can keep this side of farce. He has the smile of comedy—a tender comedy—for the old fairy tale he is dressing up. Provided with the slop of the Hollywood studios, he has turned it into something almost sad. For Mamoulian is genuinely romantic without being sentimental. With Chevalier he has worked marvels. Lubitsch, a man of immense talent, seemed to fit Chevalier like a glove. There is in all Lubitsch's screen-work a coarseness of line, a commonness of treatment that suited Chevalier perfectly. In Mamoulian's hands Chevalier develops a refinement we should have thought impossible without sacrificing his innate high spirits. He introduces in the weary château the full-blooded energies of democracy, and, without offence, becomes the Prince Charming of the twentieth century. Miss Jeannette Macdonald seems to me a hopeless bore with whom Mamoulian cannot do much, but in general he has brought an all-round beauty into the château. A sequence in which the aristocratic guests play bridge so slowly that the cards can hardly fall on to the table recaptures the idiom of Grimm. The hunting scenes are as pretty as possible. The three duennas, bent over their tapestry, and sighing over the lover who never came to them, have a mediaeval charm. Though *Love Me To-night* is a hymn to democracy, Mamoulian does not too much " guy " the life of the château. So much for the distinction of Mamoulian's mind. As a technician he seems to me equally admirable. Chaplin has an unequalled eye for comic likenesses in physical objects, such as an ice-pudding and a bald head in *City Lights*, as the bear and the man in the bearskin in *The Gold Rush*. Mamoulian has a similar skill for the unsuspected resemblance of objects in motion, above all for the noise they make. Sound is the *terminus a quo* of his art. He can really construct a " noisy." Notice the resemblance between the yapping of dogs and the yapping of old women, and the ocular correlation, based on sound, between the legs of horses and the wheels of trains. The opening of this film, which shows Paris waking up in the morning, is a pure study in noises. This film is the opposite of a talkie. For the noise dictates the speech, not the speech the noise. The noise also dictates the movement, of which the speed is never for long the same. He uses the sound as the basis of everything. In some ways he is more thorough-going even than Clair. For we have got right away from naturalism in this picture. The characters on occasion address each other in verse, as if to emphasise the liberty that is allowed the camera-man. Even in the hunting scenes the stag cannot run with a natural motion. Its stylised jumps remind us that we are after all listening to a fairy tale, which might have been woven on the tapestries of the " Gothick North." For Mamoulian is a civilised man, who can smile, inhabiting a world, of which most of the denizens can only laugh.

It would be pleasant to see Mamoulian less tied to Hollywood, not always making bricks out of other people's bad straw. Two films devoted to gangsters, *Jekyll and Hyde* with its *surréaliste* motif removed, and

now this intrinsically unsatisfactory story. With complete freedom he might do anything; for he is a man of genuine invention. But for this misfortune America cannot be greatly blamed. Mamoulian was in England for quite a while, and only went on to America when it had been made quite clear that we had no use whatever for his services. We have seen him at his finest, perhaps, not in film work at all, but in his production of *Porgy*—that panorama of negro life. I believe that his production of Mr. Robert Nichols's *Wings over Europe*, reached in a completely different manner an equally high level. Mamoulian is a man of varied gifts and of an imagination all too rare on the stage or in the cinema. Take, for instance, that one moment in *Dr. Jekyll*, when Mr. Hyde after his first translation sniffs the storm as he comes out of his house. I do not believe that there is another man in the film industry who would have thought of this or of the too-languid bridge in *Love Me To-night*. Never, if I can help it, will I miss a Mamoulian film. FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Parson's Pleasure

THERE is still, it seems, a fascination about the younger clergy. Women may no longer knit them comforters but they continue, according to Dr. Noel Scott, to pay them more than the tribute of a passing tear. In *Playground* (Royalty Theatre), the Rev. Peter Penlee is indeed a "wow." The headmistress of the Raeburn School for Girls should have chosen her chaplain with more discretion. When, displaying the lion's strength unhinted at by his delicate appearance, he made history at the village inn, a barmaid started from her bottles and several schoolgirls from their books. Peter was not only good but beautiful, a combination of qualities even nowadays difficult to resist. Besides, he redeemed his virtues in the traditional manner by a fondness for wine and tobacco and an ability to pat a perfect stranger on the back. Such men are dangerous. Alas! for the pretty barmaid, good-looking clergymen are rarely as broadminded as they appear. There was not even one kiss for willing Meg. Spurned by her hero, she turned vicious and trapped the Rev. Peter in a compromising situation with the callow schoolgirl he unwisely loved. Fatal this, one would have thought, both to true love and an ecclesiastical career. But Mr. Penlee's bishop was fortunately on the premises, plump and reassuring in his dressing gown. Experienced in human nature and knowing his Peter to be pure, he deftly saved the situation. All this would be no more than an agreeable piece of absurdity were it not for the fine performance of Miss Beatrix Thomson as Meg. Thanks to her, to the genuinely charming personality of Mr. Maurice Evans (the chaplain), and the tact and humour of Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn's bishop, the play seems very much better than it really is.

The Archdeacon

The Lyceum is free, and Mr. Hugh Walpole's spirited drama, *The Cathedral*, now showing at the Embassy, should promptly be transferred to that more spacious theatre. It is true that to have success there it needs a little more "fat," and a little broad comedy; but the play is sufficiently loose to admit of these additions, and some of Dr. Brandon's part could be cut. Archdeacon Brandon is the chief figure in the play that tells of his downfall and death. The period is 1897; the place Polchester, and the general treatment early Wallope—for Polchester's kinship to Barchester is admittedly close. Archdeacon Brandon has ruled the chapter, the close and the city (why do all the characters call it a town?). The play opens with the arrival of a new Canon, Ronder. He is Brandon's antithesis, bland where the archdeacon bullies, subtle where the archdeacon is savage, diplomatic where the archdeacon is bellicose. Quickly Brandon loses his hold on affairs; then he discovers that his wife loathes him, and is unfaithful; and his son insists on going into business in London instead of staying at Oxford. The great struggle between Brandon and Ronder is over an appointment to a vacant living; here the play suffers from the dramatist's inability to get theology across. The acting is on a very high level. Baliol Holloway as the archdeacon, Francis Sullivan as Ronder, Thea Holme as Joan Brandon (whose love story strikes the only note of happiness), Eileen Thorndike as Miss Milton, the malicious cat of Polchester and Agnes Lauchlan as Ellen Stiles, a gossip, all give excellent performances. On the whole the production is true to period—but there were no Medici prints in 1897; no precentor would have worn in the cathedral the clothes given to Ryle; nor would any man in 1897, paying a visit for the first time, offer his host a cigarette in his own drawing-room.

Costume Piece

Barberina, or *The Dancer of Saint Souci* at the Academy Cinema, is a very pretty costume musical comedy, set to an agreeable *tempo* in the pleasant setting of Frederick's palace. The producer should be commended for having on the whole avoided the temptation of making the Barberina a too important incident in the life of Frederick. There is an amusing sequence, when he crushes her with a highbrow frown at a Bach concert. The historical imagination is not of a high order. But as a gay piece with music, directed by a man of taste and with a sense of humour, *Barberina* can be recommended.

A Japanese Film

The Film Society's programme last Sunday was one of the most interesting they have given us for some long while. Not only were the supplementary items—an admirable Mickey Mouse cartoon and a pathetic glimpse of the Russian Imperial family—more entertaining than such snippets are apt to be, but the main film, Minoru Murata's *Ashes*, proved a dignified and well-balanced piece of work. The cinema in Japan has two schools; on the one hand, there are films of modern life, often with a strong Socialist colouring, which celebrate the ardours and struggles of the twentieth century; while, on the other, a large and important group hark back to the heroic legends of an earlier period. *Ashes* belongs to the second category. A young man takes part in an abortive rebellion, crawls home after a series of horrid adventures, and is condemned by his family to commit suicide. "Bushido" is rampant throughout the film. I can imagine no better introduction to a study of the League's present dilemma than a visit to this naive yet impressive performance. Here is the Japanese martial spirit in the raw, the wrong side of the sunny Japanese smile, with all its self-immolatory fanaticism. *Ashes* is over-long but beautifully photographed, and shows a delicate and discriminating pictorial sense.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, November 25th—
- Sir James G. Frazer on "The Fear of the Dead in Primitive Religion," University College, 5.30.
- Mr. J. M. Keynes on "Tariffs," B.B.C., 9.20.
- "Getting Married," Little Theatre.

Saturday, November 26th—
- Lamond, Brahms Recital, Wigmore Hall, 3.
- Elman and Backhaus, Queen's Hall, 3.
- "Othello," A.D.C., Cambridge.

Sunday, November 27th—
- Prof. F. Aveling on "Recent Psychology and Practical Ethics," Conway Hall, 11.
- H. L. Beales on "The British Empire—A Socialist Reconstruction," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.30.

Monday, November 28th—
- London Symphony Orchestra, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Tuesday, November 29th—
- G. W. Cadbury on "Russia and America: Contrasts and Comparisons," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- "A School for Husbands," Court Theatre.
- Public Inaugural Meeting of the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency. Addresses by Lord Feversham, Dr. Winifred Cullis, Dr. J. A. Hadfield, etc., University College, 8.30.

Wednesday, November 30th—
- Elgar Celebration Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, December 1st—
- J. R. I. Brooke on "Rural Industries of To-day," Victoria and Albert Museum, 5.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MR. R. W. CHAPMAN'S edition of the letters of Jane Austen (Oxford University Press. Two volumes, 42s.) is a work of scholarship and sense. On the one hand, Mr. Chapman has, wherever possible, examined the originals of the letters and has thus been able to amplify much that Lord Brabourne omitted and to correct much that he (or his printer) falsified. On the other hand, realising that this would probably remain as the standard work for future students, he has been at immense pains to facilitate their researches by providing the most intricate, commendable, and studious body of notes, appendixes, concordances, and indexes that I have ever seen. As an achievement in the art of unselfish editing Mr. Chapman's two volumes merit comparison with Lord Ernle's edition of the Byron letters. I can accord no higher praise. It should be added that the Clarendon Press have risen to this opportunity: nothing could be more dignified or thorough than the make-up of this edition. The two volumes constitute a triumph in the art of book-making. The reader thus approaches again the letters of Jane Austen with a mind stimulated by the discreet industry of Mr. Chapman, and with nerves pleasantly soothed by the perfection of print and binding. He settles down to enjoy himself. And once again comes over him that feeling of perplexed disappointment. It is not merely that Jane Austen's letters to her sister Cassandra are trivial and dull. It is far worse than that. Inevitably, as we plough through this desert of family gossip, this catalogue of sun-bonnets, the ghastly thought arises that Jane Austen had a mind like a very small, sharp pair of scissors, attached by a pink ribbon to a very neat and maidenly work-basket. Such an impression can only have a damaging effect upon our appreciation of the novels. The letters are so like the worst in Jane Austen; they are so unlike the best in Jane Austen. We must face the fact that she emerges diminished from this correspondence. We must face the problem whether this impression is fortuitous or based on any reality. I think, on the whole, that it is fortuitous.

* * *

It is unfortunate, in the first place, that the main body of this correspondence should be composed of letters addressed to Cassandra Austen. Cassandra, as a correspondent, did not stimulate her sister to any concentrated energy of mind, or even of attention. The intimacy between the two sisters was far too domestic, too diurnal, to necessitate, or to entice, any attempts at self-expression. One always writes one's best letters to people whom one scarcely knows; even the greatest of our letter-writers would not shine when addressing a dutiful sister whom they had seen last Tuesday, and who, on Wednesday next, would be returning to Steventon in the post-chaise. Yet it was worse than that: Cassandra may, as her sister said, have been the "greatest comic writer of the age": I doubt it. I am convinced that she was, as a woman, immeasurably dull. She had "a starched mind." There is her letter to Fanny Knight, written from Winchester after Jane Austen's death: "The last sad ceremony is to take place on Thursday morning; her dear remains are to be deposited in the cathedral—it is a satisfaction to me to think that they are to lie in a building she admired so much—her precious soul, I presume to hope, reposes in a far superior Mansion." Clearly Cassandra was not the sort of correspondent who would infuse ardours of fancy into a sister's pen.

* * *

A good letter must always be a *conspiration à deux* between the writer and the recipient; inevitably the shallowness of Cassandra's mind and interests infected the letters which her sister addressed to her. We may regret that Jane Austen makes almost no comment upon the political events of her time, and but few references to contemporary literature or even to her own writings. Napoleon is only mentioned once in the whole correspondence, and then under the guise of "Buonaparté"; there is only one mention of Byron, and that mention is scarcely adequate: "Do not be angry with me for beginning another letter to you. I have read the Corsair, mended my petticoat, and have nothing else to do." Had she balanced her indifference to the tremendous national and literary events of the great world by a minute interest in the experiences of her own inner life we should not be conscious of this lack of proportion. Had she even been aware of the more serious aspects of her own secluded surroundings—had she shared Dorothy Wordsworth's perceptions of the violet among the ash-roots, or had she followed her hero, Crabbe, in an endeavour to enter into sympathetic relation to the more humble lives around her—then again we should be satisfied and refreshed. It is her constant preoccupation with unimportant topics and with uninteresting people which leaves upon the mind this glum impression of almost silliness. "I intended to call on the Miss Biggs yesterday had the weather been tolerable." "I have determined to trim my lilac sarsenet with black satin ribbon, just as my China Crape is, 6d. width at the bottom, 3d. or 4d. at top."

* * *

Apart from the reaction upon Jane Austen's intelligence of the silliness of her correspondent, there is another fortuitous bar to free communication between herself, as letter-writer, and the modern reader. It is her appalling gentility of style and aspect. There is a lack of spontaneity either of feeling or expression which to our minds renders the letters "modish" and unalive. The parlour refinement of her style, which lends to her novels that pleasant aroma of dried lavender, gives to her letters an arid, antiseptic flavour which is more than a trifle inhumane. This impression is largely due to the fact that the words current among maidens of the upper middle-class in 1805 have now acquired wholly different associations. She writes to break to her brother the news of their father's sudden death. She writes as follows: "The Serenity of the corpse is most delightful." I take this as an extreme instance of the extent to which the alteration in word-values gives us the shock of actual misplacement. The recurrence of such shocks throughout the two volumes is distressing. Yet it is fortuitous and, given the circumstances; inevitable. More serious is the effect of her letters upon our appreciation of the novels themselves. We have, rightly, regarded Jane Austen as a woman of acute perception examining the follies of her neighbours through a microscope. Yet such observation entails a scientific detachment. This impression of detachment is destroyed by the letters; one has the feeling that Jane Austen really regarded as important the petty preoccupations with money, position, and social conventions which, in her novels, she seems to regard with amused contempt. After reading the letters it is difficult to approach the novels from exactly the same angle of appreciation. Her wit, again, does not emerge from the correspondence in a pleasant light; it is often sprightly, sometimes strained, and on occasions merely old-maidish and disagreeable.

That we must lay the blame for this impression upon the unfortunate Cassandra is evident when we read the few letters addressed by Jane Austen to other correspondents, such as her nephews and nieces, Mr. John Murray, or the Rev. James Clarke. Here we recapture the wisdom, the sympathy, the clear-headedness, the sense of values, the bright dignity which we had expected. I do not contend that this correspondence should never have been published. Far from it. I contend, only, that it should be read with the greatest caution, and that the reservations, the fortuitous disadvantages which I have indicated above should throughout be borne very carefully in mind.

HAROLD NICOLSON.

NEW NOVELS

The Examination. By FRIEDRICH TORBERG. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Red Hills. By RHYS DAVIES. Putnam. 7s. 6d.

Diverse Roads. By N. K. WELLS. Grant and Murray. 7s. 6d.

Jenny Wren. By E. H. YOUNG. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The Memoirs of Satan. By WILLIAM GERHARDI and BRIAN LUNN. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

No Epitaph. By RAYMOND POSTGATE. Hamish Hamilton. 7s. 6d.

Old Callender. By CLAUDE COPPING. Harmsworth. 7s. 6d.

We have taken our war novels and our revolutionary novels from Germany, and thanks to German initiative we are about to discover there are young ladies in uniform in England. The stress of revolutionary times has forced an urgency and a sense of purpose upon the German novel, while its English contemporary continues, for the most part, in a long, repetitive and unplanned ribbon development within easy access of the centre of tradition, with a good frequent service to the regular emotions, and is safely semi-detached. The walls between are indeed so thin that one picks up one novel only to overhear what is being said in its neighbour. The Germans, on the other hand, are in touch with the implications of violent change to the point of newsiness. The latest riot is in the latest novel. And they are aided in this stop-press attitude by their native hysteria. Schoolboys, for example, commit suicide and Herr Torberg's *The Examination* comes out like a leader in a newspaper. Herr Torberg is sufficiently an artist not to write a didactic denunciation of the German High School examination system. But exceptional beings are broken by it and his purpose is to show how the scholastic and parental tension in the last year at school can break up a boy who is clever, sullen, rebellious, sensitive and highly strung. The cold-blooded schoolmaster with the lust for power is a recognisable figure; what is less credible to an English reader is his calculated determination to ruin a boy and his power to do so; for it means, as Herr Torberg shows, a power not only over the masters but over the parents. The boy's father becomes almost as hysterical as the boy himself. We look on in wonder, not at the system, but on the people, and here the author does not offer very much help. He is far more concerned with the stop-press telegraphese of consciousness than with the depths of character:

> Otherwise the room seems pretty much the usual sort of thing. Why shouldn't it? What should it look like? Did I expect to find the master's desk and blackboard there? I think I did. Or didn't I? No, I didn't.
>
> This is a room like any other room.
>
> Who lives in it?

and so on. The tension is kept at this monotonous and straining Morse note throughout the whole book. It is only one more step to the pathetic fallacy, and, sure enough, in the scene of adolescent love we have a piece of newspaper lying in the street "in peaceful content"! The book has one or two good scenes of schoolboy humour and terror, some very well-observed exits and entrances on the part of the schoolmaster—in fact, cut down to the length of a long short story *The Examination* would be extremely effective.

The Red Hills is a model of poetic economy and Mr. Davies breaks with the semi-detached development of the English novel by writing with passion and eloquence of a modern theme. Whether its background is more than poetic eloquence is another matter, but one is aware at once of an individual vision of life. A young ex-miner, who after the war has flung himself into revolutionary politics in a Welsh mining town, looks upon the decadence of an industrialised people with disgust, and retires to work a small "level" alone in the mountains. A woman tired of modern life comes to him; his old life, symbolised by Ceinwen, a violent, passionate, slatternly slum girl who has something of the native greatness of her race still undestroyed, fights to drag him down again. The Lady Chatterley echo arouses our suspicions. Is escape as easy as this? But Mr. Rhys Davies has in this particular relationship at least no sex or class obsession. He is fairly successful in assuming without fuss what others are obliged to preach. In the fashion of Celtic eloquence his creatures are really gods. We might be reading of Deirdre and Naisi, rescued from the slums and returning to the inheritance of their race. Ceinwen, unpaled by divinity, is the most living character. She is drawn in the round. The miner is an immensely self-centred man seen uncritically from the inside, and one suspects given to autobiography; he has the blade-like singleness of the saint turned tough. His saving virtue is that he is not the tough made turgid. His Virginia is clear but she walks, the lady of my delight, the embodiment of a poetic hope rather than a human being. The descriptive writing is limpid and glowing, and in the accounts of people in the mines and in the slums it has a clear, half angry, half sardonic ring to it. Revolutionary idealism is commonly raw or muddled in fiction; it belongs so much more to the author than to the characters; but in Mr. Rhys Davis' the revolutionary gesture is lyrical and there is spirit, muscle, and a canny sense of reality behind it.

Before we reach the ribbon development there are *Diverse Roads* and *Jenny Wren*, both novels safely in the tradition. Mrs. Wells belongs in manner, and very largely in matter too, to the traditions of the Victorian novel. She deals with the incompatibility between Celtic and Sassenach values, and her story is not only the account of a young Scots girl's fight for spiritual independence but a parable comparing the English religious authoritarian ideal of order with the Scots idea of an inviolable individual faith. The parable is a great deal stronger than the entirely conventional characters and much of the dialogue is tedious; there is, however, much shrewd and incisive observation and comment. It is the kind of book which can still cause excitement in the Manse. Miss Young is within her limits the most satisfying of women novelists. In character she lives, moves and has her being, not perhaps sounding it to the depths but very thoroughly aware of all its mechanism. At the moment when one fears this provincial amiability is going to become sentimental, she pulls up suddenly sharp and shrewd; at the moment when the scale of judgment is drastically loaded against the character, a real perceptive sympathy redresses the balance. She does her people in the round; they have the qualities corresponding to their defects. The opposite method is commoner. *Jenny Wren* has a cardinal weakness which accounts for a certain dullness and tedium in the opening pages of the book; the central character is hardly vital enough to hold it together. Jenny and Dahlia are ashamed of their vulgar amiable and pathetic mother who keeps lodgings. Their father, who had

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married beneath him, is dead. Dahlia, a vital and beautiful creature, has sense and strength enough to make the best of her situation and is out crudely for fun and a good time. Jenny, romantic and fastidious, devoted to her father's memory, dreams of escape. She is, in fact, a snob. But it is Miss Young's triumph that Jenny is shown also to be an artist in her life. Nothing very sensational happens; the background is one of ironic bleakness. The drama lies in the skill with which the characters are thoroughly built up and illumined. Each new fact in the deepening relationship between the sisters has the excitement of cumulative revelation.

The people of *Old Callender*, a self-made man in old age and his innumerable relations with their eye on his retirement and will, are the kind of people Miss Young would have enriched. Mr. Copping has impoverished where he has been unable to delve. The old man and his boozy cronies have possibilities, the main idea is good, but, adding nothing but pages of extremely dull dialogue to his introductory pictures, Mr. Copping has failed.

Mr. Raymond Postgate has an anecdote about a newspaperman who, when threatened in a Belfast riot, and asked his religion, replied "Reporter," and was let off. Reporters have written the remaining two novels in this list. Mr. Gerhardi writing *The Memoirs of Satan* from creation to modern times, is frequently very amusing. The first chapters, brilliant, irreverent and sardonic, are delicious; but soon ennui, Satan's own malady, came down in greyness upon the pages, and the brighter intervals became rarer. Flippancy and vulgarity dispersed the effects of what promised to be a searing and blasting satire. The Prince of Darkness to be reduced to naughtiness! A decadence indeed.

If there was something more than "Religion?—Reporter" behind it *No Epitaph* would have been a great deal more than an efficient exposé of adultery and Fleet Street. It contains an obviously informed and devastating picture of how the popular press blows hot and cold on news, and especially news of industrial disputes according to the needs of circulation and the competition of rivals. A novel about Fleet Street can hardly be anything but sordid. The comedy and agony of theoretically tolerated adultery are well conveyed; but Mr. Postgate's people have hardly more than a reported existence. They are a journalist's types.

V. S. PRITCHETT.

PENN

William Penn, Quaker and Pioneer. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. Constable. 18s.

As the founder of Pennsylvania, the apostle of tolerance, the champion of the principle that backward peoples should be treated as human beings, the author of *An Essay Towards the Present and Future Peace of Europe*, Penn is known to all. It is not easy, however, to show his different activities in their connection with each other, or to set his personality against the background of his age. Mr. Dobrée has done both with marked success. If his portrait of the actor is fuller than his picture of the stage, that is not a fault in a biography. His book is a just and sympathetic study of a man remarkable even in what Professor Whitehead has called the Century of Genius.

"*No cross, no crown*," observed William's father, Admiral Penn, "is a serious cross to me." Had he lived longer, he might have realised that, if his son was a Quaker, he was a Quaker of a type which was then unusual. There was as much of the rationalist as of the mystic in William Penn's composition, and the remark with which he discharged a suspected witch, who confessed to riding on a broom-stick, that he knew no law against it, might come from Franklin. Thrown by birth and connections into contact with public affairs, and with the *entrée* to the governing classes of the day, he thought in terms of politics as much as of religion, and turned naturally to political methods for the realisation of his ideals. Both character and circumstances determined that he should be neither a great Evangelist, like Fox, nor a great apologist, like Barclay, but a practical leader. In the first generation of the Quaker Movement he was, *par excellence*, its man of affairs.

His outlook was revealed in his plea for toleration. He advanced it not merely as a claim that his co-religionists should be let alone, but with the argument then in fashion with men, like the Political Arithmeticians, of a different stamp, that toleration was necessary to social stability. The same attitude found practical expression in his plunge into an electioneering campaign on behalf of Algernon Sidney, and in his foundation in America of a model state. Mr. Dobrée thinks, no doubt rightly, that Penn was a poor judge of character, and some of his dealings with individuals were not happily conceived. Like another founder of ideal communities, Robert Owen, he was disposed to autocracy by the consciousness of good intentions. But no admiration can be too great for his capacity to act on certain simple and fundamental truths, with a sublime disregard both for the opinions prevalent in his age and the suspicions of his motives felt by some of those for whom he worked. Face to face with opponents, his mild obstinacy made him almost invincible. At a distance, he retained the responsibilities of an autocrat, but lost the power.

It was partly this disposition to believe that men must be managed for their good which involved him in the most dubious transaction of his life. It seems incredible to-day that a man of Penn's stature should have been hoodwinked by James II. Yet Penn succumbed to him. He was made much of at Court, lent his support to James's policy of toleration by prerogative, continued to believe in him after Jeffreys' atrocities in the West, allowed himself to be sent on a mission to William, who snubbed him, and played an unedifying role in the Magdalen affair.

Penn had, no doubt, excuses. His father had been James's friend. The son could plead with justice that his personal intercession, possible only so long as he did not raise questions of policy, alleviated hardships and mitigated injustices; nor must it be forgotten that the yearly meeting of the London Friends thanked the king for the Declaration of Indulgence, though in cautious terms. To decide between using influence with a vicious system for good ends, and a refusal to co-operate with it, on the ground that individual suffering, which co-operation might have averted, is a lesser evil than the betrayal of a principle, is a choice which, in one form or another, arises pretty often. It is not an easy one. But, though Penn does not deserve the harsh verdict of Macaulay, it can hardly be denied either that he was betrayed into a false position, or that the causes of his self-deception lay partly in his own character. There was in him, if it is not profane to say so of so great a man, something of the snob. He enjoyed feeling important; and, as not seldom happens, he supposed that, because he was admitted to a closer view of great affairs than falls to most men, he was therefore influencing them. "I am engaged in the public business of the nation, and Friends, and others in authority, would have me see the establishment of the liberty that I was a small instrument to begin in this land. The Lord has given me great entrance with the king, though not so much as 'tis said." The words are all right, but there is something wrong with the sentences. The chapters in which Mr. Dobrée describes the illusion and the disillusionment are moving to read.

R. H. TAWNEY.

MONTAGU NORMAN

Montagu Norman: A Study in Financial Statesmanship. By PAUL EINZIG. Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d.

Those who, like myself, have never met Mr. Montagu Norman must be grateful to Mr. Einzig for this character study, and those who have watched, through a glass darkly, Mr. Norman's activities, both at home and abroad, will be interested in this frank revelation of the principles which have governed his policy.

Mr. Einzig, no doubt, as in some of his other writings, is apt to draw a little on his imagination, and possibly claims more knowledge of "inner history" than he really possesses. But in its broad outlines his story is convincing and not inconsistent with other evidence. His bias is not concealed. Though critical on points of detail, he is an ardent admirer of one whom he regards as "the greatest statesman in Great Britain since the war."

Mr. Norman, we learn, is an hereditary banker of the third generation in the direct line, and "on his mother's side he is related to the banking aristocracy which for centuries has played a leading part in the City." He was at Eton and, for one year only, at King's College, Cambridge, where he appears to have had "a disagreement with his director of studies." At the age of nineteen he joined the family firm of Brown, Shipley and Co., and at the age of thirty-five became a director of the Bank of England. In the interval he had served in the South African war, had won the D.S.O., and been promoted to the rank of captain in the Bedfordshire Regiment. He became deputy-

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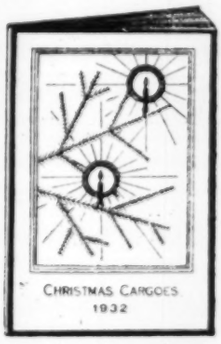

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governor of the Bank in 1915 at the age of forty-three and governor five years later. Contrary to every precedent he has now held the governorship for more than twelve years and has just been re-elected for a further term.

Masterful, persuasive in personal relations (except when dealing with Frenchmen), secretive to the outer world, contemptuous of public opinion, he has maintained the traditional authority of the Bank of England over the City and, still more, over successive Chancellors of the Exchequer. "There is a story," says Mr. Einzig, "that a brief visit to the Bank was sufficient to convert Lord (then Mr.) Snowden from an advocate of the nationalisation of the Bank into a strong opponent of the idea." Like other famous men, Mr. Norman seems to excel in what is called "creating an atmosphere."

Mr. Einzig stresses the success of his policy in restoring, by Bank of England credits, the finances of a number of European States between 1923 and 1929, and in promoting the habit of consultation and co-operation between Central Banks. But, excellent though both these objects were, Mr. Norman, even according to his biographer, made some false steps in his pursuit of them, and it is illuminating to read that, when he supported the creation of the Bank for International Settlements, "it seems probable that what Mr. Norman had in mind was an alliance between Central Banks which could and should, if necessary, defy Government interference." This, no doubt, was why he persuaded the Labour Government to resist all suggestions made by the Smaller Powers at Geneva to establish some organic connection, however slender, between the Bank and the League.

He soon discovered, however, to his great regret, that "the number of countries in which the Central Bank enjoys independence in law and in fact similar to that of the Bank of England, is very small. In most countries Central Banks are in practice little more than Government Departments."

He strongly advised the return to gold in 1925 at pre-war parity. Chiefly, it seems, on moral grounds. "He was the personification of British character, the living conscience of the nation, which simply had to make an attempt to follow century-old traditions in paying twenty shillings in the pound, no matter how immense the sacrifices it involved." Unfortunately, however, the sacrifices were unequal; the heaviest fell upon working-class homes remote from the City of London. Moreover, as Mr. Einzig says, "in dealing with stability, he had exclusively stability of exchanges in his mind, and disregarded that other consideration, the stability of prices." New ideas in monetary policy did not attract him. Nor do they now. For last July, without, so far as is known, the authority of the British Government, he signed a manifesto issued by the Board of Directors of the B.I.S. in favour of the restoration of the gold standard in countries which had suspended it. "A diplomatic blunder," says his biographer. But how consistent!

"The most revolutionary breach," says Mr. Einzig, "with tradition during Mr. Norman's reign was the establishment of the Bankers' Industrial Development Company under the control of the Bank of England. The object of this company was to assist in the financing of the rationalisation and reconstruction of industries." Some suspected that "Mr. Norman decided upon this departure in order to help Lord (then Mr.) Snowden to disarm those sections of the Labour Party which urged the nationalisation of the Bank on the ground that it did not adequately assist industry." But this revolutionary engine did not revolve. "Industrialists soon came to realise that to seek the aid of the B.I.D. was sheer waste of time." But Mr. Norman seems to have taken some interest in industrial questions. Behind the scenes, I have heard it said, he vetoed the late William Graham's scheme for the compulsory reorganisation of the iron and steel industry, and he fixed the salary of the chairman of the Coal Mines Amalgamation Commission at a level which Ministers, who had not been consulted, found difficult to defend in Parliament.

But what Mr. Einzig finds most admirable in Mr. Norman—and this motif continually recurs—is that he has "firmly" pursued a foreign policy of his own, which has been "in sharp contrast to the series of feeble compromises that has characterised the official British foreign policy." I became dimly aware of such a dyarchy while I was serving in the (official) British Foreign Office. But Mr. Einzig has made it all much plainer to me. Mr. Norman's

> attitude towards the external policy of the country has been in perfect harmony with the traditional British constructive spirit. . . . He pursued the traditional balance of power policy in a political sense, but with economic and financial means. . . . In the olden days the British statesmen pursuing the balance of power policy supported the second strongest continental power by arranging secret or open alliances, and by granting subsidies and loans to the weaker countries for the purpose of increasing their military strength in order to counterbalance the strength of the larger powers.

Though times and methods had changed, Mr. Norman believed in continuity.

The (official) British Foreign Policy, under Mr. Henderson, was to seek to co-operate with all nations, and to seek to bring them to co-operate with one another, to favour none and to estrange none, to stand clear of all cliques, to work through the League. He had as firmly discarded the balance of power theory, with all its implications, as Mr. Norman had adhered to it. He knew that that old, bloodstained path led not to the Co-operative Peace.

But Mr. Norman, like many smaller men in the post-war period, was simply anti-French. Mr. Einzig tells how he mismanaged his personal relations with French bankers, and adds: "As a diplomat he is open to criticism. . . . He has been unsuccessful as a negotiator. He allows himself to be influenced to a too great extent by considerations of personal sympathy, and his temperament is anything but suitable for a diplomat. His method as a negotiator lacks subtlety; it consists of a display of strength directed to impress and intimidate his opponents." So far, so bad. Yet "never before in history," chants this bemused biographer, "has a governor of the Bank of England assumed a leading part in shaping British external policy. Nor have any foreign countries produced a Central Bank governor who has exerted a decisive influence upon their foreign policy. In France the governor of the Bank of France is practically a Government official; as a rule he is promoted to that position from the Civil Service. Even if technically he is independent, he continues to act as a subordinate to the Minister of Finance." There is an even stronger case than I suspected, before reading this instructive book, for the assimilation, in this respect, of British to French practice.

HUGH DALTON.

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Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured. By A. E. WILSON. Harrap. 21s.

The toy theatre has had great champions, notably Stevenson and G. K. Chesterton. Here in this handsome and extremely cheap volume it finds an admirable historian. There must be many persons only a few years older than the century who can remember the shop-windows, alas! always too infrequent, in which could be seen the ingenious marvels of the theatre-maker's art. For the boy-collector they had a fascination that was only equalled by books. And this is right. Stamps, marbles, transfers, toy-pistols, even the animals which one would purchase in the hopeless task of providing for one's meagrely furnished Noah's Ark all the beasts that were fabled to have entered that splendid repository—none of these led anywhere, for the average London boy. Innocent of the hope that may spring high in the bosom of some little heroes in other countries and now, perchance, in this, no ordinary boy forty years ago regarded an adult future with the pistol. With the theatre it was different. Here was something which already had about it an ardour and an excitement not of childhood, and which the departure of adolescence would encourage rather than destroy. Here was art; here a faint and fair promise of the grand heroics of the grown-up stage, on which one would certainly see the great actors, of which the toys were a promise, the stage on which some infants could foresee their own appearance.

The toy-theatre was a life-like entertainment just because of its remoteness from everyday life: for whatever strange prospects grown-up life may offer to children, they are convinced that their life, as adults, will be vastly different from the existence of nursery or school. That these divine marvels had authors scarcely entered children's imaginations. A few precocious children might later on read Stevenson and meet Matthew Skelt, whose very name seemed an unlikely one for any human being. Mr. Wilson, with the scholarship and thoroughness that his subject deserves, here apportions honour and praise. Skelt has received glory not properly his. He was not, says Mr. Wilson gravely, "one of the great ones of the Juvenile Drama"; but he was a remarkable man. West, Redington, Pollock, these are other names celebrated in this book, which records their plays of action and colour, and gives examples of their best work. The ingenuity and skill of their craft are to some of us like the ingenuity of those who can put a full-rigged schooner in a bottle, or carve a battle-scene on a walnut-shell. Mr. Wilson has written a splendid memorial of their art; and this handsome book with its plenty of illustrations, plain and coloured, is a worthy record of a diversion which is presumably doomed to decline, as the film and the talkie increase; but may have its renascence, just as the plays for puppets and marionettes are now having a renascence of wonder with audiences tired of the null and perfect actuality of a naturalistic stage.

THE TREASURE TROVE

The "Egypt's" Gold. By DAVID SCOTT. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

In this splendid story of persistent heroism Mr. David Scott, whose articles upon the subject have enriched the *Times* for four years past, continues his account of the recovery of the *Egypt's* gold from a depth of 400 feet below the Atlantic off the coast of Brittany. His previous volume, *Seventy Fathoms Deep*, described how the first *Artiglio*, with her gallant crew of divers and seamen, succeeded in locating the wreck in August, 1930, and explored it with a cylindrical shell or observation "Eye," just capable of holding one diver. By telephone to the *Artiglio's* deck his movements were regulated entirely from the surface, for he had neither arms nor legs, and was swung to and fro by the tides and currents nearly thirty miles from shore. Artificial lights were found useless, and the diver remained blind for ten minutes or half an hour, according to the sunlight above and the state of the water, often obscure with sand and mud. At the best, the view through his glass window was limited to five or six yards. Judging by what he could see he had to guide the placing of the bombs by telephone, and with bomb after bomb he cut away the three decks of the *Egypt* until the roof of the long strong-room which held the bullion of bar-gold, sovereigns, silver, and banknotes could be reached.

Rough weather repeatedly interrupted the work. On an average only one day in five allowed of diving, and in winter it had to cease. It was in the winter of 1930 that the first *Artiglio* was sunk in an explosion while at work upon a disabled ammunition ship in Quiberon Bay, and nearly all her fine Italian crew and divers were lost. At that point Mr. Scott's former volume ended, and his present book deals with the adventures and ultimate success of the *Second Artiglio* during 1931 up to the triumph of last June, when the first gold bars were landed in Plymouth. They had been for ten years and a month under the sea, ever since the *Egypt* was accidentally rammed by the *Seine* in fog, with the loss of ninety-six lives. She was a ship of 8,000 tons, built in 1897, very solidly, and having a length of 500 feet, about 100 feet more than the depth in which she sank.

Readers of *Seventy Fathoms Deep* will remember what a master of narrative Mr. Scott is, and here again he shows exactly the same high qualities of accuracy, modesty and indifference to hardship and danger. But most attractive of all qualities is his complete friendliness and sympathy with the Italian sailors, among whom he lived so long on board. It was a difficult position. He was the only correspondent allowed in the ship, and, I suppose, all of us writers and correspondents have felt a bitter sense of inferiority among working men, and have found how hard it is to stand on an equal footing with them and avoid their natural scorn. On one occasion Briasco, one of the very best, coming up from his labour among the engines, asked Mr. Scott to take his photograph. "That would depend on the sun," answered Mr. Scott:

> "Ah, il sole! All right, very good! Allora, to-morrow, one photograph, for my girl. All right! To-morrow. Cheerio!" says Briasco. "Plenty work, me. You no work! Goo' nigh', goo' nigh'!"

And once, having been allowed actually to do a bit of real work, he writes:

> How my arm aches and how delightful it is to be doing real work with a real workman and taking orders from him about what he understands, instead of pretending, on the strength of some God-forsaken social make-believe, to give them.

Of the whole enterprise, he says, "the credit for this achievement belonged mainly to the divers. Theirs was the most difficult part of the job, and they took all the risk. But nothing could have been done without the admirable patience and efficiency of the men who worked on the surface and carried out the divers' orders." At last, on June 22nd, that courage and skill had their reward, and, with a splendid climax of expectation and emotion, Mr. Scott reaches the moment of triumph:

> As the outer casing opens and the grab comes down, we see the usual jumble of wreckage in its jaws. They open with a rattle. Among the mud and wood and paper two bright yellow bricks fall with a double thump on the deck. They lie there shining, while a great shout bursts from the men of the *Artiglio*.
> "Lingotti! Lingotti! Oro! Oro, ragazzi!"

It is no wonder that on his voyage home to England Mr. Scott was full of melancholy at the thought that he would never associate with such men again, and also at the knowledge that the very finest of them could look forward only to a thin and limited livelihood of perpetual labour at sea, even if he escaped the many perils by which the seaman is always haunted. For himself, he has produced one of the most excellent books upon the adventures of the sea; perhaps one may call it a piece of real work.

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

THE RATIONALISATION OF MONEY

Planned Money. By SIR BASIL P. BLACKETT, K.C.B., K.C.S.I. Constable. 5s.

Modern Money. By LORD MELCHETT. Seeker. 10s. 6d.

One of these two books is to be taken seriously: the other is not. Sir Basil Blackett has something to say, and says it up to a point clearly and convincingly. Lord Melchett only succeeds in passing on to his readers his own conviction that the world's monetary systems are in a dreadful muddle, and in conveying the additional notion, which he does not share, that he is in a dreadful muddle himself. Yet both books, the good and the bad, have something in common. They are both protests against the planlessness of the monetary system, and against the absurdity of continuing to rely on a supposedly automatic regulation of currency and credit which has obviously failed to

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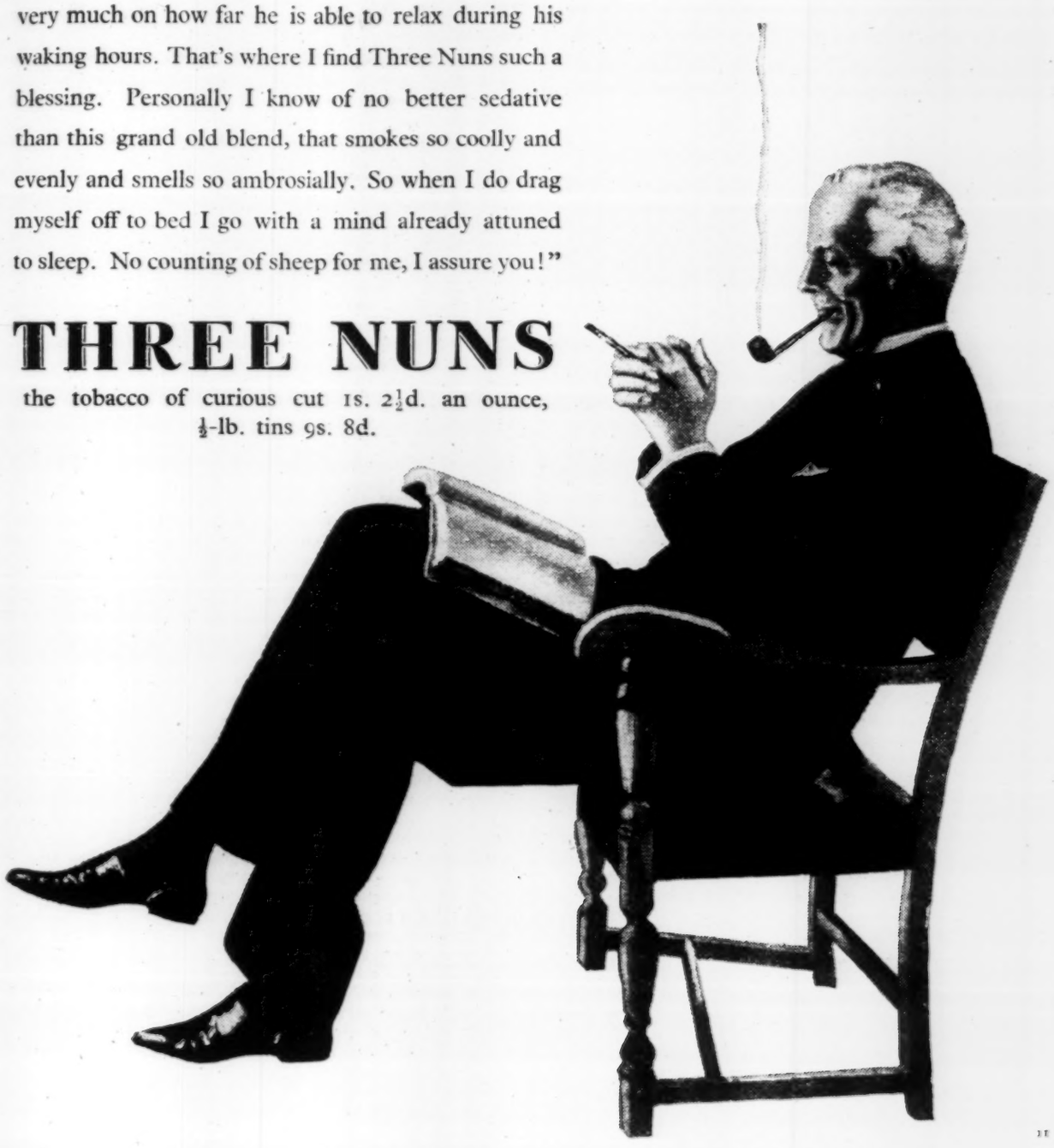

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work. Moreover, they both approach the problem of money from the industrial point of view, and with the idea that the first condition of a satisfactory monetary arrangement should be its power to provide for the production and sale of as large a volume of goods as possible.

There the resemblance ends. Lord Melchett is one of those who advocate a dual system of money—one sort for internal and one for external use. He wants a huge new banking corporation, prepared to discount marketable securities up to any amount for legitimate forms of business enterprise, and a currency system which will provide an unlimited note issue in relation to this discounting. He claims that his proposals would give the banks absolute liquidity, because they would be able to re-discount without limit for cash. In short, his plan is one of "reflation" on a gigantic scale, with the danger of the "freezing" of advances transferred from the ordinary banks to his new corporation. There is a great deal more in his discursive book—praise of Fascism and—with repudiation of the class-struggle, qualified praise of the Russian Five Year Plan, a demand for the creation of an Economic Parliament, and a great many *obiter dicta*. But in Lord Melchett's writing, though much is adumbrated, nothing is clearly thought out.

Sir Basil Blackett is on a different plane. His primary aim is to define a plan of action for Great Britain at the forthcoming World Economic Conference, as far as it is to deal with monetary questions, and therewith to consider what Great Britain can and should do in default of an agreed world solution. He begins with an attack on the entire policy of *laisser faire*, and a strong advocacy of planning in industry as well as in finance. But the main part of his book deals only with the place of planned money in a planned economic system. His first thesis is that stability of internal prices is to be preferred to stability of exchange rates, such as the gold standard used to secure, and is the more to be preferred now, when gold has so signally failed to provide a stable standard of value. He would like to see all countries by agreement pursuing a policy of internal price-stabilisation, and ceasing to base their internal currencies on gold, even if they were to retain it as a means of making foreign payments. This leads him, incidentally, to a strong plea for the regulation of overseas lending. If all countries kept their internal prices stable, he urges, there would be little room for variation in exchange rates, provided international capital movements were kept under due control.

As a preliminary to price-stabilisation, Sir Basil Blackett wants action taken to raise the levels of wholesale prices throughout the world to a point consistent with present fixed charges and with profitable production. To achieve this, he points out, is already a declared object of the British Government and of the Ottawa Conference. But he is not hopeful of persuading all countries to agree to his programme. He would nevertheless like to see it put forward in full by Great Britain at the World Economic Conference. Failing agreement, he would try to rally round it not only the Empire countries, but as many more as are willing to pursue it as members of a "Sterling Group" committed to price-stabilisation at a higher level, and free from the gold standard. At the same time, he would like to see agreement reached, as he thinks it could be, between us and the United States to raise prices and keep them stable thereafter, even if the United States remains on the gold standard and we remain off. For he holds that this would ensure the success of the policy of "reflation," which is the essential preliminary to the stabilisation which he has in mind.

The weaknesses of Sir Basil Blackett's book are, first, that he is inclined, *à la* Hawtrey, to take too much for granted the power of the Central Banks to raise prices all round by purely monetary means, and secondly that he too readily accepts the stabilisation of the wholesale price index as a sufficient substitute for stabilisation of the "general price level," despite the growing importance of services and finishing processes in relation to primary goods in the composition of the general value of transactions. Stabilisation of prices is not so easy a policy as he makes it sound. But, for all that, he is probably right in holding that a nearer approach to internal price-stability at a raised level is by far the most important objective of monetary policy, and much to be preferred to any attempt to put back gold upon its throne, or to devise, in face of the Economic Nationalism of the separate States, any alternative international standard. For, if a return to gold would be intolerable, there is no real possibility at present of setting any other international standard in its place.

G. D. H. C.

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Fanny Penquite. By E. SAUNDERS. Oxford University Press. 6s.

My Funniest Story. Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.

It is impossible, as one reads Giambattista Basile's novels, not to remember that Naples was one of the latest of large European cities to have any sanitary arrangements. The scholar will welcome this careful edition of the stories, now translated from Croce's version of the Neapolitan original; for here he can indulge, with the help of Mr. Penzer's admirable and elaborate introduction and notes, the fascinating pursuit of comparative folk-lore. The man who reads for pleasure will occasionally find entertainment; but too often, overcome by the extraordinary absence of privies and the no less remarkable need for them, will be bored and disgusted. Basile is rather a tiresome, pedantically improper story-teller. He has none of the *naïveté* of Sacchetti, and little of the art of Boccaccio. His period—he was born in 1575—is late and self-conscious for this kind of anecdote, whether its aim be bawdy sniggers or sentimental tears. Nor does Basile often seem to have that passion for the fairy element in story, which makes the collections of Perrault and D'Aulnoy so enchanting. Still it is useful to have in English—Burton's version is untrustworthy—the book from which so many tellers of fairy-stories drew their material; and Mr. Penzer and the publisher must be congratulated on a thorough and handsome piece of work. How tender seems the fantasy of Fracchia's stories after the hard brightness of Basile. This twentieth-century author has a delicacy, a graceful formality, well expressed in Mr. Copley's prefatory note to this excellent translation—"we are in a land of transformations, almost of ballet," so he writes of one of these four stories, and in fact all have the athletic truth of the dance in which no pattern is meaningless, of a great dance in which there is always more meaning than is revealed in the pattern. The best work of Mr. Manhood and Miss Whitaker has something of that dance quality. In Mr. Manhood the dance is often a *pas seul*, and tragic; it is, too, rustic dancing and can express beauty by brutality and a thrasonic insolence. This book does not show any advance on his earlier volume of short stories, and is rather a disappointment after the audacious and tragic beauty of *Gay Agony*; Mr. Manhood has perhaps been reading Mr. Coppard, and his simpler, more savage humour does not dance naturally to Coppard's impish, unpredictable music. There are solitary dances, too, in Miss Whitaker's book; and stories that have the freshness and roughness of the country dance. Miss Whitaker has an almost daring trick of climax: she will finish a story, as *Mr. Hopkin's Fall*, with a movement so stunning that, when silence comes, the reverberation is overwhelming. *Five for Silver* establishes her as one of the most notable recruits we have had to this art of the short story. Mr. Hartley has not yet the public he deserves. He is the only author of a younger generation whose work has something of the superb skill of Mr. Arthur Machen's uncomfortable tales. Here horror is made more horrible by a deliberate quiet, by an ordinariness of environment, by a style at times almost academic in its control and leisure. The directly supernatural is rarely employed; hardly a tale but is susceptible of a rational explanation, yet the sensitive reader will always know that, of all explanations, the rational is the most unreasonable. This is a fine collection, which should add to Mr. Hartley's reputation and to the number of his admirers.

Those who sneer, generally in a condition of religious ignorance, at Sir James Barrie would do well to examine the craftsmanship of this ghost story. How cunningly the flats are joined! How economically Barrie gets his effects! How well he under-

"... and learn the Luxury of doing Good"

(The Traveller... Goldsmith)

Will you give yourself the joy of making others happy and add to your store of pleasant memories the knowledge that you have not failed in charity?

While the cares and pleasures of your daily life may leave little time for reflection over other people's worries—yet, remember, it is a sacred duty enjoined upon us all to assist the suffering.

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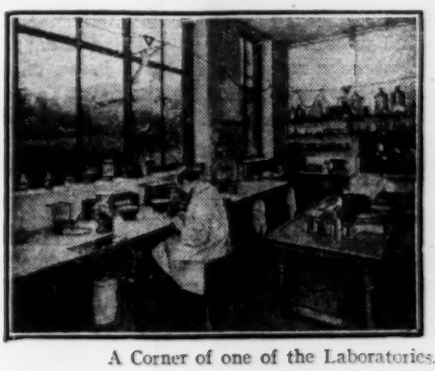
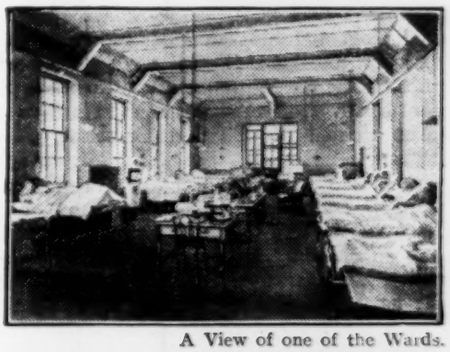
No matter how small the contributions—or how infrequent: they all are welcome and urgently needed to carry on the work.

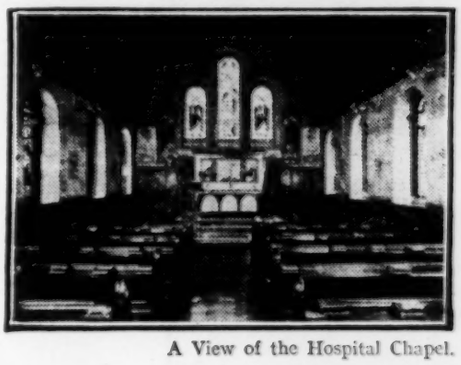
Please send a special gift to the Secretary, who will be glad to forward an illustrated booklet on request.



A Corner of one of the Laboratories.



A View of one of the Wards.



A View of the Hospital Chapel.

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stands when he has got them, and how rigidly he eschews the irrelevance of continuing after the point is made. This story of Julie Logan, that Papist ghost, is told in Adam Yestreen's diary—a form that enables Barrie to show us the young lad's simplicity without any sarcasm from the author. It is a delightful thing, and has unexpected strength in its slightness. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes stories of murder are never mere thrillers. *The Reason Why* has more than common of imaginative pity in it. Human desperation, backed by the human desire for soft living, can be a pitiful as well as merely a graceless thing; and in this love story, where murder betrays love in an effort to buy love's security, Mrs. Lowndes' has written as good a tale as we have had from her for years. Her reputation is still far below what she merits; in her stories there is no subordination of plot to character, or of character to plot, the events and the people wait inevitably on each other.

Obelists at Sea is a full-length novel; but its form justifies its inclusion among the short stories. The scene is on shipboard; the problem is murder; and the detectives are psychologists of different schools. It is a highly entertaining tale, and the solution is brilliant in its unexpected ingenuity. There is nothing at all unlikely in the story, except perhaps the courtesy of the Freudian analyst to the Adlerian's hypothesis. Mr. Gawsworth has been remarkably successful in assembling some very distinguished authors, including Arthur Machen, Rhys Davies, Ronald Ross and Stephen Hudson. Some of the stories are slight; but the book is good reading, and unusual; it also gains from the queer juxtaposition—to move from Mr. Shiel's horror to Mr. Hudson's urbane and sensitive recollection is in itself an excitement. Miss Saunders' story of Fanny Penquite's death and resurrection is an exquisitely individual thing. It is told with a gravity and conciseness that suit its Victorian atmosphere, and Miss Saunders' strong sense of design and colour—displayed as well in the excellent illustrations—gives her fancies an unusual solidity. Miss Saunders is an artist of rare character and charm, and this book is not likely to be excelled in its lovely Pre-Raphaelite simplicity. As for *My Funniest Story* all readers, and it should have thousands, should have great fun with it and through it. For each story is funny; and what better fun can there be than in searching for funnier ones through the works of Jacobs, Wodehouse, Somerville and Ross, and the rest?

SHORTER NOTICES

Little Ships. By JOHN SCOTT HUGHES. Country Life. 10s. 6d.

Like many yachtsmen Mr. Scott Hughes dislikes the word "yachting" which connotes for him, he says "white trousers, striped awnings, polished launches, and 'personages' in the Squadron gardens." He prefers rather to talk of amateur seafaring in small craft, and out of a wealth of sea wisdom and a long and intimate experience of little vessels in many waters he has produced a book of racy and interesting, if somewhat disjointed, reminiscences. We accept with alacrity the author's hospitable invitation to cruise with him at first in the quieter waters of the Solent, later down channel, where we lead a damp and strenuous life, sometimes a little seasick and on at least one occasion, more than a little scared. Our grievance against Mr. Hughes is that although he takes us out he never brings us home. He leaves us at the end of a perfectly good day's sailing snugly at anchor in some little French seaport or South Coast harbour, and is away across the world at the wheel of a steam yacht in the Pacific. The sketches by Mr. Frank Mason, R.I., do justice to the text.

The Merchant Venturers of London: A Record of Far Eastern Trade and Piracy during the Seventeenth Century. By CHARLES GREY. Witherby. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Grey has taken his tales of traders in the Far East from contemporary records, many of which he has himself unearthed during his residence in India. Often he allows his subjects to tell their story in their own words; but even when he himself is the narrator he writes with the vigour and simplicity that smacks of the time and the occasion. In his opening chapters he tells of the merchants and their ventures and the difficulties, especially political difficulties with which they had to contend before their expeditions could be launched or brought to fruition. He then tells us of the mariners, what manner of men they were, and the conditions under which they worked. He next comes to the yarns proper, opening with the story of William Adams, the "father of Japanese shipping," as told by himself with interpolated explanations. This is followed by an account of the Amboyna Tragedy taken from an early eighteenth century transcript, discovered by Mr. Grey, of "*The True Relation* of that cruel outrage" first printed in 1624. There follows the story of William Hawkins at the Court of Jehanghir, the adventures of Captains Andrew Shilling and John Weddell, stories of English pirates of Francis Day, the Founder of Madras, of John Muchnell, master of the tall ship *John of London*, of William Methwold, and of other merchants and mariners who laid the foundations of our Eastern Empire.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

DARIUS MILHAUD'S *La Création du Monde* is the only really representative work of his that is at all well known in England (apart from that delightful jeu d'esprit *Le Bœuf sur le Toit*). It has been played on the wireless more than once, and the Camargo Society have produced it as a ballet, the form in which it was originally written. It is still, however, far from being familiar or hackneyed, and one welcomes the opportunity of further hearings provided by the records just issued by French Columbia (two 12in. LFX 251–2, nineteen solo players under the direction of the composer).

The test of repeated hearings on the gramophone is one that the work comes through remarkably well. I say remarkably because at first sight it is a piece of music that one would expect to "date." Few ballets sound well in the concert hall, and, besides, this particular ballet belongs so definitely to the "art nègre" period of fashionable culture. But although the novelties of the jazz fugues and the mumbo-jumbo drumming have worn off, the essential music still holds us by its sincerity, its lyrical impulse, and its technical skill. That is to say it is a work that can stand by itself apart from the implications of a negro ritual, unlike the *Sacre du Printemps* which, as recent performances have shown, has little or no musical *raison d'être* once we have put aside the "dark" pagan urges of its literary associations.

La Création du Monde is primarily a symphonic suite linked together by ingenious contrapuntal combinations of the themes of each movement, growing in elaboration until the coda, which is a technical tour de force.

The counterpoint it need hardly be said is not academic, but nor it is the sterile and arbitrary counterpoint of the Central European school. It may be described as a musical and logical continuation of the blending of different tunes that we get in Borodin (The *Prince Igor* overture, for example, or *The Steppes of Central Asia*).

As in Borodin we notice also that the various components of musical thought, melodic, harmonic, rhythmic, etc., function easily together on the same plane. In many works of Milhaud's contemporaries, such as *Les Matelots* or *Les Facheux* of Georges Auric, the sophisticated harmonic thought seems deliberately at variance with the naive melodic line, with the result that counterpoint becomes impossible, as the themes themselves are no longer significant without their satirical harmonic dressing.

In *La Création du Monde* there is no such disparity of thought. The harmony is the logical outcome of the mood of the melody, we are spared the dreary wit of the accompaniment cocking a snook at the tune, and the sense of style thus observed enables the composer to treat his themes with a wealth of contrapuntal devices that have no hint of mere technical joinery. Milhaud is one of the very few modern composers who can achieve lyricism without pastiche, and the essential impulse behind his music is melodic. Thus the long prelude to this ballet which a commonplace imagination might easily have made an opportunity for an impressionistic chaos consists of a beautiful, sustained and almost Gluck-like piece of melodic writing. All this section comes out very well on the records. In fact, the only section that fails us is the climax on side four, where it is impossible to follow all the threads without a score or piano duet arrangement. One has no right to quarrel with a composer's own tempi, but I feel that this passage would have been more impressive taken with more deliberation. Unfortunately, the trombone part, which (figure 49) moving at half speed gives a certain necessary weight to the climax, is practically inaudible. The standard of playing is, on the whole, excellent.

Couperin's pleasantly entitled *Concert dans la Goût Théâtral* is new to me and I imagine to most listeners. For the most part it is in the idiom one expects from this period of French music, but the opening and one or two of the later dances have an almost Handelian breadth that derives from the Italian school. It is delightfully played by the Ecole Normale Chamber Orchestra under Alfred Cortot (French, H.M.V. two 12in. D.B. 1767–8).

There is really very little to say about impeccable performances of well-known works, which is what the rest of the records before me consist of.

Fruitlessly poor Matilda wanders hither, and even thither, searching for her fleece. She will never see it more! For it has passed the test and gone where only very good ones like it go—into the Wolsey mills. There to play a vital part in making the fine underwear which carries the name of Wolsey—which gives such easy comfort with such full protection. When a man changes to Wolsey he changes for the last time, two hundred years' experience having made it as good as it can be. It is sold everywhere, and at pleasantly moderate prices . . . . see it in the shops.

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V. 54.

H.M.V. issue Beethoven's 8th Symphony, played by the B.B.C. Orchestra under Adrian Boult (three 12in. D.B. 1764–6). This eminently satisfactory performance is just what one would expect from this combination. Dr. Boult's conducting is academic in the best sense of the word, and there are no feats of exhibitionism about his interpretation. The two middle movements are a shade on the slow side (in the case of the minuet this tempo certainly allows of some exquisitely smooth horn playing in the trio).

Columbia issue Beethoven's Violin Concerto played by Szigeti and conducted by Walter (British Symphony Orchestra, five records in album) and H.M.V. the Elgar concerto played by Menuhin and conducted by the composer (L.S.O., six records in album). Neither of these excellent recordings stand in need of any recommendation from me, though I wish I had space to discuss the authenticity or otherwise of Menuhin's interpretation of the Elgar concerto. (The fact that it is not as English as it might be I personally consider an advantage.) By far the most remarkable record of the month is the reissue of Caruso singing *Vesti la Giubba*, with electric recording and a new accompaniment for full orchestra synchronising with the voice. The result is frankly amazing (and for once this phrase is justified). Let us hope that this record is merely a prelude to the reissue (made possible by who knows what scientific ingenuity) of all Caruso's records, before singers have forgotten what the name of their profession originally signified. The name of the conductor who performs the jeopardous task of synchronisation should be given. (H.M.V. 12in. D.B. 1802, with *M'appari* from Flotow's *Marta*, on the other side. A still earlier record of Caruso's.)

CONSTANT LAMBERT.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

Problem 19.—STOTTLE'S WILL.

Harry Stottle, the Greek scholar and amateur cryptographer, had often told the Fellows of his College that his will would contain a surprise for them. At his funeral his lawyers distributed to those attending copies of the following document:

YRZKI	ECSLE	NFQOM
LRKAL	AOPQE	YCIFO
UANTL	VDXIO	ETVFS
KEGUD	PWMHS	ZXCLD
HLYNR	BPJRH	EJGMU
BWW		

The cipher is an old one dating from 347. You will find my money is left to the Fellow who first lays hands on my will.

What was Professor Stottle's message?

Problem 17.—DOMINOES.

This is a very easy problem.

The first eight dominoes played, in order, are:

A	6—5	6—6
B	5—5	4—6
C	5—4	6—3
D	4—4	3—5

S.O.S.

The Life-Boat Service is rich in the tradition of splendid endeavour and self-sacrifice.

63,000 lives have been saved—and a call of distress never goes unheeded.

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ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION,
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE,
42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

Problem 16.—THE DIEHARDS.

The solution is as follows:

The probability that A's die will turn up A is 1/6.

Each of the other two letters have equal probabilities. Thus the probability of either B or C is 5/12.

The probability that B's die will turn up B is 5/12. As before, the probabilities of A or C are each 7/24.

If x, y, z be the numbers of faces lettered A, B and C respectively on C's die, the probability that the combined throw will be favourable to C is thus

$$\frac{x}{6}\left(\frac{1}{6}\cdot\frac{7}{24}+\frac{5}{12}\cdot\frac{7}{24}\right)+\frac{y}{6}\left(\frac{5}{12}\cdot\frac{7}{24}+\frac{5}{12}\cdot\frac{5}{12}\right)+\frac{z}{6}\left(\frac{1}{6}\cdot\frac{7}{24}+\frac{5}{12}\cdot\frac{5}{12}\right)$$

this being the sum of the probabilities of the throws ACA, CAA, BCB, CBB, AAC and BBC.

This reduces to $\frac{49x+85y+64z}{288\times 6}$

and, since $x+y+z=6$, has its maximum value when $y=6$.

Thus, Codger must letter all the faces of his die B.

Sets of Low's Cartoons are awarded to:

A. H. Boothroyd, 47, Peelwood Avenue, Little Hulton, near Bolton.

E. T. Moore, Lyndhurst, Overseal, Burton-on-Trent.

There were 19 correct and 9 other solutions.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Dec. 6th.

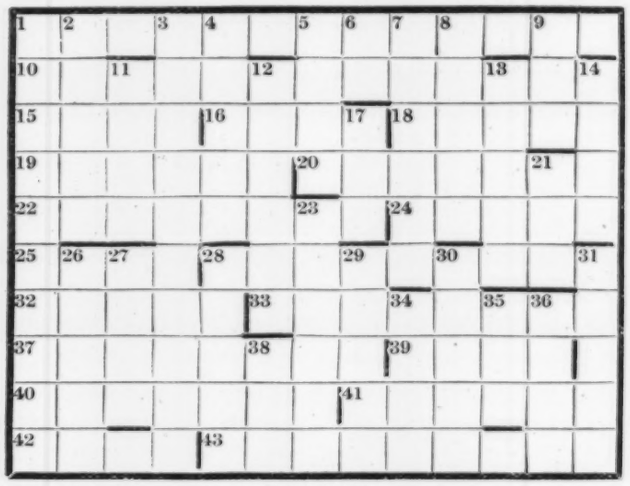
THE PLAYTIME DINNER.

The date of the dinner is now fixed for Wednesday, Jan. 11th, 1933. An informal Committee, comprising Mr. D. Barber, Mr. W. J. Hodgetts, Wing-Commander Struan Marshall, and Mr. S. T. Shovelton, is co-operating in its organisation.

Will all "Playtime" readers please *book the date now*, and watch this column for further details?

CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



F. W. B. V.

ACROSS.

1. The sort of man that might have to keep himself from the door.
10. The great open spaces of Hollywood?
15 *rev.* Rail.
16. Their kin often goes to sea.
18. Mrs. White?
19. Not a drug on the market.
20. Annually lost.
22. Now we're on the scent.
24. A little more than kin.
25. Often accompanied by a Dead March.
28. Important fellow in Turkey.
32. Confused composer.
33. Product of rose or geranium.
37. A bad man I? enquired the Quaker.
39. Adjoins the gasworks.
40. I'se mens' fate.
41. Scenes of combat.
42. *rev.* Builders' foundation.
43. Presumably there were four of 'em.
3. Desert Cloud is one.
4. Star in disarray.
5. Outside the scabbard.
6. Both ends of the road.
7. She supposed Ida to be her Mamma.
8. Does Father when he's muddled?
9. Sea-bream.
11. Comestible for "Sandwiches."
12. Publican's team-mate.
13. Tangled wire.
14. Not so much of it.
17. Sold by 5th Avenue hosiers.
21. Summer for Proust.
23. Ah stag, you well may stand so.
26. Helmet of sorts.
27 *rev.* Wrote on Liberty.
28. Beauty's boy-friend.
29. Form of pneumonia.
30. Paul's old Man.
31. Unsuitable residences for the "stoney."
34. Mayors' mares' nest.
35. "Nanagram" of what is perhaps her name.
36 *rev.* Not for 12!
38. You will, presently.

DOWN.

1. I show up on stone.
2. Both head and tail turn up.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS.—1. pricelessness. 11. repercussions. 15. ace. 16. con(one). 18. pensive. 19. everlastingly. 25. tintinnabular. 30. oleo saccharum. 34. redemptionist. 37. Evan (Meredith). 41. Urdu. 42. Ian. 44. animalisation. 46. non-appearance.

DOWN.—1. Praetorian. 2, 3. recipe. 4. lore *rev.* 5. l.c. 6. spur *rev.* 7. Tess *rev.* 8. sin *rev.* 9, 10. coisuv (vinose). 12. tree *rev.* 13. bins *rev.* 14. yes *rev.* 17. Nana. 20. vile (evil). 21. dene *rev.* 22. nu(de). 23. gliain (railing). 24. laus. 26. ism. 27. netric (cretin). 28. acids. 29. R.M. 31. O.E. (old English). 32. hon (*sing*). 33. Anita. 35. pulp. 36. tone. 37. one *rev.* 38. vin. 40 *rev.*, 39. Panama. 43 *rev.* con. 45. ar(rest).

THE ETHICAL CHURCH

(Founded 1892)

QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON, W.2

Having notified the Committee of the Ethical Church that I wish to retire at an early date from my forty years' leadership, I have been authorised to invite applications (preferably from candidates between the ages of 28 and 35) for the office of minister.

The Ethical Church stands in the forefront of a great and ancient tradition. Its Sunday Services and its rites of baptism, confirmation, marriage, and burial are attempts to give concrete form, not to "humanism" or personal theism, but to Ethical Realism—the spiritual truth, first discovered by Plato, that the sanctity and authority of moral values emanate neither from Man nor from a Governor of the universe, but from the inherent worth of the values themselves; that the Good itself is therefore the All-Holy Reality—the Power which must dominate our politics, economics and private life, else we perish. This spiritual teaching is to-day gaining favour among earnest students.

Many a young man who at first intended to become a preacher in some of the older denominations finds, after studying ethics, the history of philosophy and modern science, that it is henceforth morally impossible for him to submit to the trammels of theological tradition. Among such men, some still desire to devote their lives to the office of religious teacher and adviser; and of these it is probable that not a few would welcome a career such as the Ethical Church offers.

Candidates should, of course, first make sure that they are in active sympathy with its aims and methods. The values and principles which have guided me in formulating its Services are best set forth in Nicolai Hartmann's "Ethics" (Messrs. Allen and Unwin, 1932). "Social Worship" (1913) contains the canticles, responses, hymns and anthems, introductory and dismissory sentences, meditations and lessons used by the Church. Its attitude towards the organised religions of the past I have tried to set forth in my two volumes entitled "National Idealism and a State Church" (1907) and "National Idealism and the Book of Common Prayer" (1908).

A minimum stipend of £400 per annum is guaranteed for the new minister. Intending candidates who desire further information should address the Hon. Secretary, The Ethical Church, Queen's Road, London, W.2. STANTON COIT.

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DUCHESS.	CHILDREN IN UNIFORM.	Wed., Sat.
GLOBE.	FOR SERVICES RENDERED.	Wed., Sat.
H'DROME.	THE MERRY WIDOW.	W., Th. & Sat.
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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

CONSEQUENCES OF WAR DEBTS—CANADIAN PACIFIC—TATE AND LYLE—TEXAS GULF SULPHUR

BY TOREADOR

ONE wearies of reading and writing about these three eternal problems—war debts, disarmament, currency and prices. A year ago the same things were being said: a year hence, for all I know, the difference in talk will be only one of emphasis. The alternative investment consequences of war debts decision of the U.S. Senate may be somewhat as follows. (1) No moratorium, no revision, no international and economic co-operation = slump in sterling and gilt-edged market, followed by collapse in commodity prices (in gold) and in international trade, followed by widespread defaults, followed by renewed easiness of money (which will become almost unlendable) and a final boom in British Government funds and other gilt-edged securities, under the pressure of cheap money. (2) Moratorium, debt revision (drastic) and World Economic Conference = sharp recovery in sterling and gilt-edged market, followed by rise in all commodity prices and a boom in Wall Street, followed gradually by upturn in world trade, which does not, however, stiffen interest rates for about a year or two. (3) Half-measures = mild recovery in the gilt-edged market and in Wall Street but no major movement until a trade revival or collapse in the spring becomes discernible. At the moment of writing a mild recovery in the gilt-edged market is going on—presumably in the anticipation of "half-measures" in Washington—and for the interest of investors who have been alarmed by the recent reaction I give the highest prices of November 2nd, the lowest prices touched on Monday of this week, and the yields returnable on the prices ruling on Wednesday:—

Security and Redn. Date.	Highest Price Nov. 2	Lowest Price Nov. 21	Price Ruling on Nov. 23	Approx. Yields % Gross Annual.	Gross Redn.	Net (after 5s. tax) Annual.	Net (after 5s. tax) Redn.
				£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Consols 2½% ...	78½	71⅛	74	3 8 1	—	2 11 1	—
Locals 3%	91½	83½	86½	3 10 1	—	2 12 7	—
Conversion 3½%— 1961 or after ...	102⅝	96⅞	97¾	3 11 10	—	2 13 11	—
War 3½%— 1952 or after ...	102	96⅛	97⅛	3 11 11	—	2 13 11	—
Consols 4%— 1957 or after ...	110¼	105	106¾	3 15 7	3 13 1	2 16 8	2 13 5
Conversion 4½%— 1940/44	112¼	109⅛	109⅛	4 3 3	3 6 10	3 2 5	2 4 1
Conversion 5%— 1944/64	117⅛	114	114⅛	4 7 9	3 10 3	3 5 9	2 6 11
Conversion 3%— 1948/53	97⅛ (issue price).	94⅛	96⅛	3 2 4	3 4 11	2 6 8	2 9 8
Funding 4%— 1960/90	110¼	105	106¾	3 15 1	3 12 6	2 16 4	2 13 3
Victory 4%*— By 1976	110¼	105	106¾	3 15 5	3 13 6	2 16 7	2 14 1

* Average life 30 years.

Note.—On the whole, Conversion 3 per cent. stood this ordeal fairly well, having fallen only 3¼ points as against 8¼ points for Local Loans. If tax of 5s. is deducted, it will be seen that 3 per cent. Conversion returns a higher net redemption yield than either Conversion 4½ per cent. or Conversion 5 per cent. 3 per cent. Conversion is not to be valued on a flat yield basis.

* * *

As the Stock Exchange and the American Senate have not adequately considered the investment consequences of a moratorium refusal, I would like to discuss the gloomy prospects in more detail. A refusal to cancel or revise war debts, bringing with it a fresh slump in commodity prices, would be a signal for widespread defaults. It matters little if we pay our December 15th instalments. Default would be thrust upon us next year and Germany would probably force the issue by declaring a complete moratorium on her long-term foreign debt. The other debtor countries of Europe, if they have not already defaulted, would promptly do so. Nor would the trouble be confined to Europe. If wheat and wool prices react to new low levels, Australia, New Zealand and Argentina would be compelled to suspend payments in part or in whole on their external debt. These defaults would hit Great Britain severely, for her invisible income from overseas would be reduced to negligible proportions. Probably Holland and Belgium would be forced to leave the gold standard, being unable to endure a fresh fall in commodity (gold) prices. I am doubtful about Switzerland because, although her adverse visible balance of trade up to the end of October was 783.7 against 714.6 millions Swiss francs, a year before, capital has poured in from abroad for shelter, so that the gold to notes ratio stands at over 170 per cent. Switzerland is the capitalist's "funk-hole" and with the readiness with which the Geneva authorities called upon the military to meet Socialist liveliness with machine guns, I see little to suggest a flight of foreign capital. But by the time defaults have become general, the capitalist may be so scared that he will withdraw his money even from Switzerland. It is not a pleasurable picture, but if war debts are not quickly removed from the international scene, a worse period of defaults will be ushered in than has ever before been witnessed in the history of capitalism.

* * *

Too many investors in this country hold the debenture, preference and common stocks of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In the old days—before the slump—they used to buy Canadian Pacific 4 per cent. non-cumulative preference stock whenever it fell to 80, thankful enough to secure a 5 per cent. yield. To-day the stock stands at 60–65 (to yield 6.4 per cent.) with few buyers about. The common stock, which was once sought after as a regular 10 per cent. dividend payer, is now below par. Consideration of the dividend (last year 5 per cent.) has been postponed by the directors till the results for 1932 are available next March. The *Economist* in its issue of November 12th, estimated the 1932 results on an optimistic basis when it allowed for a decline of only $15 millions in gross receipts and of only $1 million in net earnings (at $24½ millions). Fixed charges and the pension fund require about $23¾ millions, leaving the preference stock dividends of $5½ millions to be covered practically by "special income" of steamers, hotels and investments. This "special income" last year was nearly $11 millions, but the *Economist* estimates it at $5 millions this year—sufficient to cover the preference stock dividends and leave a negligible surplus for the common stock. At 60 I do not recommend a sale of the preference stock, as long as there is any hope of a trade recovery, for the directors may have some special "appropriations in aid" up their sleeve as they had two years ago, but a non-cumulative preference stock of a Canadian railway is a bad type of security. At $20 the $25 common shares of Canadian Pacific fully discount the probability of a recovery in Canada. The recent report of the Duff Commission on the Canadian railways admitted the difficult position of the Canadian Pacific, faced with the uneconomic competition of the Canadian National Railways, but severely criticised some of its business adventures and declared that it was impossible to absolve it from a share in the "general competitive folly." The co-operation proposed between the Canadian Pacific and Canadian National systems may be fruitful of economies, but what both railways want is better trade and more traffics.

* * *

Those who are nervous about the Canadian Pacific position might consider an exchange from both preference and common stocks into Tate and Lyle £1 ordinary shares at 58s. 6d. This company has increased its profits to over £1 million in the year to September 30th, 1932, and its annual dividend from 13½ per cent. to 16 per cent. Presumably, it has increased its turnover and has written-up its stocks on the rise in sugar prices. The accounts are not yet published, but I expect investment buying of the shares to develop. At the present price of 58s. 6d., allowing for the final dividend of 12 per cent. in the price, the shares return the comparatively handsome yield of £5 10s. 11d. per cent. Most British industrial shares are over-valued.

* * *

An American share to which I would draw speculative attention is Texas Gulf Sulphur. If a "trade recovery" stock is wanted—here it is—for sulphur in some form enters into most industrial processes. Three principal users are manufacturers of acids and chemicals, fertiliser companies and paper and pulp makers. These three groups use about 90 per cent. of the total; the balance goes to the manufacture of dyes, rubber, fine chemicals, pharmaceutical preparations and a great variety of other miscellaneous products. From 80 to 83 per cent. of the world's total output of native sulphur is produced in the United States, two-thirds by Texas Gulf Sulphur and one-third by Freeport Texas. The Texas Gulf Sulphur capitalisation is simple. There is no funded debt. Capital stock is all of one class, 2,540,000 no par value shares being outstanding. The dividend rate of $4 annually which had been established in 1926 was reduced to $3 on June 15th, 1931, then to a $2 annual basis, which is being maintained at present. Earnings this year are estimated at $2.40 against $3.52 in 1931 and $5.50 in 1930. The company's sulphur deposits are not inexhaustible, but large enough to see our grandchildren grown up. At 22⅞ the shares yield 8.74 per cent. or 8.19 per cent. if sterling rises to 3.50.

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